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ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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JULY—DECEMBER.

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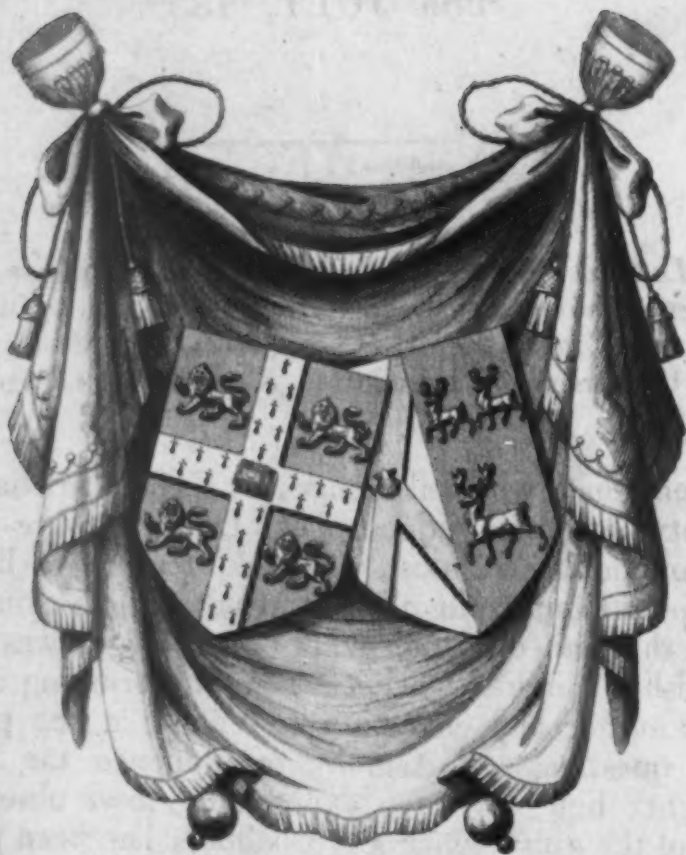
VOL. IV.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν το ἘΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1838.

Art. I. *Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches.* Delivered in London, from April 25th to May 12, 1838. By THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., and LL.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, &c. 8vo. Glasgow: Collins. 1838.

THE gentlemen who call themselves 'The Christian Influence Society,' at whose request these Lectures were undertaken, and are now published, must, we think, feel not a little chagrin and disappointment at the abortive result of their exertions. Not only have they failed of their main object, which was to forward the Scottish Church-extension scheme by bringing up from the North its author and champion to enlighten the polite world upon the question, and thereby to influence the decision of Government; but they have exposed to closer observation the weakness of the cause which Dr. Chalmers has been put forward to advocate. The grounds upon which the Lecturer rests his vindication of Establishments, are so paradoxical as to bring the soundness of his judgment into question even with his own party; and his concessions to the Voluntaries and the Dissenters must have been far more displeasing to the high-church portion of his auditors, than his arguments were acceptable. We are much mistaken, if the reputation of Dr. Chalmers in the metropolis did not stand much higher before he delivered these Lectures, than it has since their publication.

The political purpose which the Lectures were obviously intended to promote, was not indeed avowed. The *Times* newspaper, in an elaborate announcement of the intended course, affirmed distinctly, that they would not 'involve in the slightest degree a spirit of political partizanship, or any reflections on the policy of Government in regard to Church Extension.' Few

persons, we imagine, believed this; certainly none who were acquainted with the intense partizanship of the Lecturer. And those who entertained any such expectations were speedily undeceived. In his first Lecture, the Doctor, with 'a sort of sledge-hammer energy,' (to use his own phrase,) assailed 'the economical and arithmetical reformers of our age,' as 'coarse utilitarians,' acting under the influence of 'frenzied delusion,' or 'distempered speculation;'—'machine-breaking reformers, far more mischievous in their higher walk, but hardly more intelligent, be they in or out of Parliament, than the machine-breakers of Kent, the frame-breakers of Leicestershire, or the incendiaries of a few years back in the southern and midland counties of England.' (pp. 22, 23.) The parties to whom these gentle epithets and complimentary intimations are intended to apply, are not very distinctly designated; but it is evident that those who 'would abolish church-rates,' and all who oppose the Church-extension scheme, fall within the scope of his invectives.

In the third Lecture, however, all reserve or disguise is laid aside, and the Doctor comes to the point.

'After having obtained from the good will of our countrymen the sum of £200,000 for the erection of places of worship, and that in behalf of a people unable to build churches of themselves,—we now knock at the door of our rulers, in the hope of propitiating their good will to a grant, and that too on behalf of the same people, quite as unable of themselves to maintain their clergymen. We stand before the ministers of the crown, not so much in the attitude of supplicants,—for we ask nothing for our own personal advantage,—but rather in the attitude of donors, telling them what is *our* contribution, and asking what is *theirs*, to the religious education of the community.' p. 97.

Having so recently laid before our readers a full exposition of the history and mystery of this notorious project, we shall not now stop to animadvert upon the delusive character of the above statement, or upon the fallacy involved in speaking of parliamentary grants as a contribution from Government, as if Government could contribute from any other funds than those which are drawn from the people. It seems, however, to have escaped observation, that this Church-extension scheme is precisely the counterpart of the system that has been for some time in operation in Ireland, where the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster occupy, by the *Regium Donum* grants, that very position as stipendiaries of the State, in which the grants sought for would place the ministers of the new churches. According to the regulations adopted in 1803, by which the distribution of the bounty was taken immediately into the hands of Government, any minister of a new congregation duly enrolled as belonging to the Presbyterian body, has only to present a memorial, properly attested, to the Lord Lieutenant,

soliciting the stipend usually granted, which bears a certain proportion to the number of families in the congregation; his having subscribed the oath of allegiance being also attested by two magistrates; he thenceforward receives his £50 or £70 yearly, as a recognised stipendiary minister. The natural consequence of this system of endowment has been to multiply the *number* of Presbyterian congregations. Those under the care of the General Synod, which amounted in 1804 to 177, had risen in 1835 to 237. Little, however, can be said in favour of the working of the system in other respects. As the stipend undergoes no alteration, whatever may be the increase or falling off of the congregation, it forms no incentive either to ministerial fidelity or diligence, or to the liberality of his flock. On the contrary, we are told, in many instances, the members of the congregation feel discharged from all obligation to contribute much, if anything, to their pastor's support; and he is therefore compelled to have recourse to farming, grazing, or some other secular employment, for the support of his family. The operation of the system is thus, in too many instances, at once degrading to the character of the minister, and prejudicial to his interests, by paralysing the zeal and public spirit of the people; and to its unfavourable influence, the inefficiency of Presbyterianism in Ireland has, with apparent justice, been ascribed.* Yet, if any where the helping hand of Government might seem to be required by the circumstances of the country, if any where a bounty upon the increase of Protestantism might be deemed necessary or advisable, it would be in Ireland.

In order to judge of the efficiency of the stipendiary system, however, as compared with that which trusts to the force of the voluntary principle in connexion with the moral obligations arising out of the relation between the Christian teacher and his flock, it is necessary only to bring into comparison the history of Presbyterianism in Ireland during the last century, and that of the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. In 1731, the population

* 'The people among whom these endowed ministers labour, are not among the poorest and meanest of the inhabitants; they are the middle classes; in some cases, the gentry; in most, the farmers of the North; and yet how little is done by them! . . . Think of a congregation of one thousand families, many of them large and wealthy farmers, not raising £40 *per annum*, for the support of Christian ordinances among themselves and their families; and perhaps not £3 *per annum* (for this is considered liberal) for the extension of these ordinances through all nations of the earth.'—*Congregational Mag.*, May, 1838, p. 274.

Many Presbyterians, it is said, subscribe more toward the support of the Romish priest, than they do for their own minister, on the avowal that the former is poor and has no state provision, while the latter is a pensioner on the *Regium Donum*.

of Ireland was little more than two millions, of whom rather more than a third were Protestants. Of these, the Presbyterians may be assumed to have formed about one-half; and if so, they have, within a hundred years, doubled their numbers. The congregations under the care of the General Synod in 1725, were 148; in 1830, they had risen only to 216. The Protestants of all classes, according to the First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction, amounted, in 1835, to little more than a million and a half, having only doubled their numbers, while the Roman Catholics were nearly quintupled, having increased from 1,310,000 to 6,427,712.

Now let us turn to Scotland. The Secession Church, founded by the congregations of the eight seceding ministers deposed by the General Assembly in 1740, together with those forming what is termed the Relief Synod, now comprises between four and five hundred congregations, including not less than a fourth part of the population of Scotland. That is to say, in Scotland, while the population has increased scarcely more than a million in the course of the century, one section of the Presbyterian community, unconnected with the State, has advanced from a handful of seceders to at least half a million of souls. In Ireland, while the population has increased from two to eight millions, the Presbyterians of all classes have risen in number only from, say 300,000 to 650,000; and instead of comprising, as in 1731, a sixth of the people, now bear the proportion of less than one-twelfth! And let it be recollected, that, although the present arrangements of the Government bounty are of recent date, the system has been in operation during the whole of last century, the grants having been augmented in 1784 and 1792. It has, therefore, had its fair trial. In Scotland, it is unnecessary to say, that the seceding congregations that have sprung up, have been entirely planted and maintained by voluntary contributions.

We might adduce the rapid decline of endowed Presbyterianism in England, together with the corresponding expansion of unendowed Congregationalism, as a further illustration of the comparative efficiency of the opposite systems. But, as this country is so very differently circumstanced from either Scotland or Ireland, we will not press the argument that might be fairly drawn from these facts in its religious history. As a second and most remarkable exemplification of the energy of the voluntary principle, we would direct the attention of our readers to the statistics of the Principality. The rise of Methodism in Wales dates from the year 1735. At that time, the number of Dissenting congregations was small: in 1716, they were under fifty. The population, up to the middle of the century, appears to have been almost stationary. It was only 511,546 in 1801, but had risen in 1831 to 805,000, chiefly through the influx of manufacturing labourers.

The poverty of the people is proverbial. The Established Church, however, has its territorial arrangements all compact, with its four bishops, its chapters, and its full corps of dignitaries and sinecurists.* What is now the religious distribution of the people? The Dissenters of the Three Denominations have about 550 congregations; those of the Calvinistic Methodists, according to a list published by them some years ago, are 360 in North Wales, and 212 in South Wales; and those of the Wesleyan and other Methodists are about 220. In the course of little more than a hundred years, therefore, by the simple efficiency of the preaching of the Gospel, the congregations which support their own pastors have risen from fifty in number to upwards of 1340, being three times the number of Presbyterian places of worship in Ireland, in the midst of a population ten times as numerous. In fact, almost the only evangelical instruction enjoyed by the natives of the Principality in their own language, has been supplied by the Dissenting ministry.

In Wales, as in Ireland, the Established Church is an alien, mocking the poverty upon which it draws for its wealth, while contributing next to nothing toward the spiritual benefit of the people. It deserves remark, that the congregations of the Calvinistic Methodists have erected and supported all their places of worship at their own cost. It is an invariable rule in this Connexion, that each county shall bear and discharge the expense incurred in building its own chapels, unless it be too poor. In that case, if it be in North Wales, the other Northern counties assist it: if in South Wales, the other Southern counties. And the only assistance which the other denominations may have received, has been in the shape of voluntary contributions. Compare these spontaneous exertions of Christian zeal on the part of a poor but warm-hearted people, thirsting for the bread and the water of life, and gratefully attached to their pastors whom they maintain out of the depth of their poverty,—compare these noble manifestations of the voluntaryism taught and inspired by the Gospel, with the languid struggles for existence of endowed Presbyterianism in Ireland, or with the pompous munificence of opulent church-patrons or church-building associations in this country;—in either

* A large portion of the church property of Wales has been alienated to the support of sinecures and bishoprics in remote parts of England. Thus, the Bishop of Litchfield draws £1,100, and the Bishop of Chester £560 from the Bangor diocese; and the Dean and Chapter of Winchester £2400 from that of St. Asaph. In these two Welsh dioceses, the bishops, chapters, colleges, sinecurists, and absentee clergy engross a larger amount than the stipends of all the working clergy put together. See 'A Letter to Lord John Russell on the Established Church Bill with reference to the Interests of the Principality of Wales.' 8vo. 1836.

point of view, the advantage will be immeasurably on the side of the poor Welsh mountaineers, and the conclusion drawn by every dispassionate inquirer must be in favour of the principle which is found so mighty in its practical efficacy.

If, then, the Cambrian mountaineers have found the means of building upwards of 1,300 places of worship for themselves, and of maintaining their ministers, what pretence of truth can there be in the allegation, that the Scotch people are unable to build churches of themselves, and equally unable to maintain their clergymen? Why less able, why less willing than the Welsh? But in point of fact, taking together those erected by the Presbyterian Seceders, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, Scottish and Anglican, and other classes of Scottish Dissenters, the people of Scotland will be found to have built not fewer than from 750 to 800 places of worship, the ministers of which they also maintain; and a large number of the churches for which endowments are sought, have existed for forty or fifty years, and have been adequately supported without any aid from the State. Ministers, too, are procured for the new churches as fast as they are erected; and means are found of paying them; so that the only effect of their being endowed by the State would be, to convert into State pensioners those clergymen who now subsist by their pastoral labours.* Dr. Chalmers has slandered his countrymen, who are both able and willing to support the pastors of their choice, while they disdain, with decided aversion, the gratuitous sittings for the poor and working classes, ostentatiously tendered to decoy them from the Dissenting places of worship.

In these Lectures, however, Dr. Chalmers stands forward not only as the advocate of *Regium Donum* grants and Parliamentary endowments,—of such modest ecclesiastical establishments as the stipendiary church of Ulster, but as the champion of National Establishments in general; not excepting ‘the deeply injured hierarchy’ of the Irish church, although, while the machinery is eulogized, nothing, it is admitted, could be much worse than the working. We must here forestall a little, to introduce the Author’s honest account of the main cause of the present embarrassing state of things in Ireland.

‘Had this Establishment been what it ought to have been, a great home mission, with its ministers acting as devoted missionaries, we

* Dr. Chalmers proposes, that every shilling of the Government grant should go, not in augmentation of the minister’s stipend, but in deduction from the seat-rents which it is now necessary to demand from the general population. Now it is a remarkable fact, that the mean or average rate of seat-rents is considerably lower in the unendowed, than in the endowed churches. And, of the unlet seats in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the lowest priced form the larger proportion.

should by this time of day have been rid of all our embarrassments. There would have been no Catholic question to perplex,—and that because there might have been few or no Catholics. But, matters there have not been so ordered. We need not speak of their pluralities, and their sinecures,—and of all the evils of their clerical absenteeism; these are the more patent corruptions of the Protestant hierarchy in Ireland, and perhaps the only ones that strike the public observation. But, over and above this, there was a mistaken policy, maintained and avowed even by their best clergymen, in the form of an honest, though still of a grievously mistaken principle,—as if they went beyond their legitimate province if they at all meddled with the Catholic population; at which rate the primitive Christians went beyond their legitimate province when they meddled with the pagans of the Roman empire. . . . In virtue of this false principle or false delicacy, the cause of truth has suffered even in the hands of conscientious ministers; and when to this we add the number of ministers corrupt, or incompetent, or utterly negligent of their charges, we need not wonder at the stationary Protestantism, or the yet almost entire and unbroken popery of Ireland. We now inherit the consequences of the misgovernment and the profligacy of former generations. They may be traced to the want of principle and public virtue in the men of a bye-gone age. Those reckless statesmen who made the patronage of the Irish church a mere instrument of subservience to the low game of politics,—those regardless clergymen who held the parishes as sinecures, and lived in lordly indifference to the state and interests of the people,—these are the parties who, even after making full allowance for the share which belongs to the demagogues and agitators of the day, are still the most deeply responsible for the miseries and the crimes of that unhappy land.'—pp. 126—128.

This is assuredly a very true and correct statement, but a very strange one, viewed as proceeding from the champion of the 'deeply injured hierarchy' in question. The learned Doctor insists, however, that 'the goodness of a machine' is not to be judged of by 'the goodness of its working;' and that the thing called a Church, 'viewed as a machine,' has not been in fault, but only the living apparatus, the clergy and their patrons. Granting, for a moment, that the excellence of the system is not at all disproved by its having for centuries worked so mischievously, we would put it to any man of reasonable candour, whether those persons deserve the harsh epithets which Dr. Chalmers has dealt out to them, who, not being gifted with his profound sagacity and metaphysical acumen, and judging of the cause by the effect, infer that the Irish Church Establishment is as vicious in principle as it has been noxious in operation. That it has worked ill, is an admitted fact. The inference that the machinery is bad, is, at least, a very natural one. If a mistaken opinion, it ought to be deemed a very pardonable mistake. Dr. Chalmers contends, that the machinery is excellent notwithstanding; but this

is but an opinion; an hypothesis, which the Voluntaries must be excused for not accepting as an article of faith. Because the Establishment has not been what it ought to have been, Protestantism has been stationary, and Popery has increased. We are agreed, then, that in point of fact the Irish Church has been, either negatively or positively, the cause that has produced this lamentable state of things. It is not against things as they ought to be that the Voluntaries raise their voice, but against a church establishment which *is* what it ought not to be; which, moreover, never was, at any period of its history, what it ought to have been; and which, judging from the experience of centuries, they conclude, never can be made what it ought to be. Let them be shown, upon the wide face of the globe, a single church establishment answering to Dr. Chalmers's *beau idéal* of 'a home mission with its ministers acting as devoted missionaries,' an establishment such as it ought to be; and it will be time enough then, to inveigh against the Voluntaries, for opposing the principle of institutions which have hitherto been found to work so injuriously to the best interests of mankind.

This political miracle, however, Dr. Chalmers would fain persuade us, is taking place before our eyes. 'The truth is,' he tells us, 'that among the established churches of our empire, that of Ireland, in the vital and spiritual sense of the term, is the most prosperous of the three. While its outward man perisheth, its inward man is renewed day by day;' which rendered into plain English seems to mean, As the establishment decays, the church revives. Be it remembered, then, that we have no quarrel with the clergy of Ireland, who are now rousing themselves to their duties, but only with the establishment as a system; and so far from seeing any thing in the present religious movement in Ireland to reconcile us to the odious machinery of the Irish Church, we deem its 'body of sin and death,' to be the greatest possible obstacle to the exertions of 'the vital and spiritual' principle of 'its inward man.' We do not now refer to the construction of the hierarchy; although, at the present moment, *that* in itself is fettering the exertions of the evangelical clergy, and enabling the rulers of the church to prevent its being that 'great home mission' which it ought to be. And it has tended not a little to confirm the Voluntaries in their opinion of the anti-christian character of that alliance between church and state which arms prelacy with such despotic power, to find the pious clergy who have been engaged in the labours of the Irish Home Mission, passively succumbing to the Popish interdict laid upon their missionary operations. But what we more especially regard as the great obstacle to the usefulness of the clergy, is the unhappy political predicament in which they are placed by the 'territorial establishment' itself; a system which ploughs with the sword, and reaps with the

bayonet; reaping what it has not sown, and gathering what it has not scattered.

Let us now proceed, however, to examine Dr. Chalmers's statement of the question at issue between the advocates and the opponents of National Establishments, and his vindication of them in opposition to the views of those who allege the sufficiency of the Voluntary Principle. In his first lecture, he starts with what, if not (as we would hope) an intentional misrepresentation, must be regarded as a prodigious blunder. Either he has never taken the trouble to read, or he most unaccountably misconceives the arguments of his opponents whom he describes as being indisposed to go into the consideration of the question 'of the best platform for a church,' because 'it seems to imply a distrust in the efficacy of divine grace.' We cannot imagine to what religionists he means to refer, whose 'drivelling, though sincere piety greatly underrates the importance of a visible and material economy in things ecclesiastical, and would set it aside as a mere system of earthly expedients.' No such notion as this is to be found, we believe, in the writings of any who have advocated the voluntary system. What then can Dr. Chalmers mean by gravely premising, what his opponents have always been most forward to maintain, that there is nothing 'in the doctrine of the Spirit to reduce, but every thing to enhance the importance of the gospel being preached, and so the importance of the question, what is best to be done that we might secure its being preached to every creature?' Why should he have commenced his lectures with insinuating that this is denied by the fanatical drivellers he has to confute? 'If there be one economy,' he proceeds to say, 'under which there is every likelihood that, with all our strenuousness and care, we shall fall short of more than half the population; and another economy by which it might be made sure that the calls and lessons of Christianity shall be brought to every door; this, all other circumstances being equal, forms in itself a strong ground for our preference of the latter over the former.' Up to this point, the Voluntaries would perfectly agree with him; and they would be satisfied to debate the matter upon this practical ground. They would say, we have the former economy palpably realized in the Irish Church Establishment, which, though its revenues are drawn from the produce of the entire territory, not only falls short of conveying religious instruction to half, or a fourth, or a tenth of the population, but, in the provinces of Cashel and Tuam, does not number five in every hundred within its pale. In every parish, tithes are levied, but two hundred and ten parishes have no church, and in nearly five hundred, the incumbent is non-resident. Such is the one economy. The other, by which 'the calls and lessons of Christianity are brought to every door,' we see not less strikingly carried into operation by the Voluntaries of Wales.

There, the free spirit of the Christian economy, in spite of the poverty of the people and the counteracting influences of the State Church, has created and sustains a machinery which does what the Establishment only affects to do—carry the gospel to every corner of the land; raising more places of worship for its population of 800,000, than the Irish Establishment has provided for 8,000,000. ‘Look here upon this picture and on this.’ We do not see how a case could be made out more completely in favour of the superior and absolute efficiency of the voluntary economy. Nevertheless, Dr. Chalmers undertakes to *demonstrate*, that ‘this invaluable property of a full or universal diffusion (of the ‘calls and lessons of Christianity) belongs only to a national ‘establishment; and to make it palpable, by all the lights of ‘history and human nature, that it never is, and never can be ‘realized, either by the voluntary system, or by what has been ‘termed the system of free-trade in Christianity.’

To make way for this demonstration, the learned Lecturer premises a definition of an Establishment which takes it out of the class of things extant into that of hypothetical abstractions. An Establishment may or may not, we are told, imply what is commonly meant by a connexion between the church and the state. That which forms its ‘essence,’ and which, ‘as such, must be singled out ‘from among all other accessories wherewith it may happen to be ‘variegated,’ is, ‘a sure legal provision for the expense of its ‘ministrations.’

‘To realize our idea of an establishment, it is enough that there be legal security for the application of certain funds to the maintenance of Christian worship or Christian instruction in a country, and this, in whatever way these funds may have originated.’—p. 10.

This is mis-stating the actual question, which relates to State establishments, and, as we shall see hereafter, to the principle of *territorial* establishments. According to this fallacious definition, not only is the Presbyterian Church of Ireland an establishment, but the Unitarian churches of this country, which are maintained by endowments legally secured, must also be taken to be *established*. And why say, ‘funds applied to the maintenance of ‘Christian worship?’ The idea of an establishment must be the same, the legal security being the same, whether the funds are applied to the support of Christian or of Mohammedan worship; to the maintenance of Irish sinecure clergymen, or of the priests of Juggernaut. Dr. Chalmers intended to say, perhaps, ‘an established church;’ which his great authority, William Cobbett, explains as meaning ‘a church established upon Christian principles.’ ‘This you, the parsons,’ he says, ‘will tell the people that they ‘actually have. Alas! you will tell them this in vain.’

We shall not now go into the question of Endowments. After

affirming that they *may* imply no connexion between the church and the state, the Dr. proceeds to assert, that, in such connexion, there is nothing more corrupt or corrupting, than in the connexion between a missionary board and its pecuniary supporters. This is, of course, one of the demonstrable conclusions to which the lights of history and human nature have conducted him. We can but marvel at the process of ratiocination by which he has satisfied himself that no 'secularization of Christianity' is implied in the very idea of a secular church. But Dr. Chalmers, whatever else he is not, is the boldest of logicians; and in fearlessness of assertion he leaves all rivals far behind. In a note, he claims for the Church of Scotland, notwithstanding its connexion with the State, an ecclesiastical independence of the civil power, not only such as does not exist in law or in fact, and such as that church has never been in a condition to exercise, but such as is discountenanced by the very formularies and standards of its doctrine and discipline. The language of the Confession is, that the civil magistrate 'hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order 'that unity and peace be preserved in the church; that the truth 'of God be kept pure and entire; that all blasphemies and heresies 'be suppressed; all corruptions and abuses in worship or discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God 'duly settled, administered, and observed; for the better effecting 'whereof he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, 'and to provide that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the will of God.' The fact is, that the Church of Scotland, to employ the words of Lord Fullerton in speaking of the Veto Act, 'as a privileged and endowed church, owes its institution to the State, and is the creature of the law of the land.'* The decisions of the Court of Session in the Auchterarder case,

* See the article on 'the Church of Scotland tried by the Test of Experiment,' in our Number for March last. We may also refer our readers to an able article, on 'The Auchterarder Case,' in the 'United Secession Magazine,' for June. 'That the Scottish Church owes much more than her revenues to the State,' it is remarked, 'that her whole constitution and substance, internal and external, has emanated directly from that source, it were easy to show by a detailed examination. But one or two particulars will suffice. 'If,' says the Lord President, 'there was one thing more than another within the exclusive cognizance and jurisdiction of the Church, it would seem to be the settling of the terms of her creed. : But the Church knew that it could not do so, and did not venture to do so, by its own authority.' And he proceeds to mention that, after drawing up what she thought *ought* to be the creed, the church presented it to Parliament, which enacted it in the terms of the Act 1690. To show how completely the authority of the Church was disregarded throughout this transaction, it may be added, that the Confession, after being compiled at Westminster, was adopted by the General Assembly, in 1647, with certain qualifications; but neither of the act of the Church adopting it, nor of the qualification which they affixed to it, did the parliament, in 1690, condescend to take notice.'

place this in the clearest light, and render the gasconade of Dr. Chalmers and his coadjutors not a little ridiculous.

In the second lecture, our Author proposes to vindicate a religious national establishment in opposition to the reasonings and views of the Economists, who contend, as he says, 'for the 'system of free trade in Christianity.' Here, again, he misconceives or misrepresents the arguments which he undertakes to combat. The only writers referred to by name are Adam Smith and Turgot. The former, he tells us, in his 'Treatise on 'the Wealth of Nations,' argues against Religious Establishments, on the ground, that the articles of religious instruction should be left to the pure operation of *demand* and *supply*, like any article of ordinary merchandise. And the Doctor's answer is; that 'though we may trust to man's natural longing for the goods which 'are to be had in a market, there is no such natural or universal 'longing for the good to be had in a church, or in a college, or 'even in a school.' Granting this, it is quite obvious, that the demand, even in respect to articles of merchandise, does not always occasion the supply, but is in many cases originated by it. And what governs the supply, is the demand as regulated, not so much by the desires of the consumers, as by their ability to purchase. If there is not in all men a longing after religious instruction, there is in all a religious instinct as strong as any physical appetite, which requires only instruction to develop it. And the facility with which false teachers, traders and craftsmen in religion, monks and priests, moollahs and marabouts, have availed themselves of this universal aptitude to be taught or craving after religious instruction, proves that the demand will always be sufficient to secure a supply of some kind. As Hooker finely remarks, 'a longing to be saved, without knowing the true way 'how, has been the cause of all the superstitions in the world.' Look at Ireland at the present moment, and then say, whether, at least as regards *quantity*, the article of religious instruction might not be left to the simple operation of demand and supply. It is true, 'that nature does not go forth in quest of Christianity; 'but Christianity must go forth in quest of nature.' It always has done so. It has always created, so to speak, the demand for itself. We may safely trust, first, to its self-diffusive energies, and then, to its self-sustaining resources. And nothing more can be meant by the free-trade principle in religion, than that *Governments* should not interfere to restrict the supply by a jealous monopoly.

Dr. Chalmers, however, has not met, has not deigned even to notice, the main objections of the Economists against Government interference and State endowments. One objection is, that such a provision is a bounty upon inefficiency. Adam Smith, in treating of bounties, shows how the State suffers itself to be im-

posed upon when, as in the case of a tonnage bounty, the premium is proportioned, not to the diligence or success of the trader, but to the burden of the ship, and vessels are in consequence fitted out 'for the sole purpose of catching not the fish, but the bounty.*' This is very similar to the working of a Church-extension scheme. Upon the same principle, this great Economist elsewhere remarks, that 'the endowments of schools and colleges have necessarily diminished, more or less, the necessity of application in the teachers. Their subsistence, so far as it arises from their salaries, is evidently derived from a fund altogether independent of their success and reputation in their particular professions.†' In every other profession, the exertion of the greater part of those who follow it, is always in proportion to the necessity they are under of making that exertion. In an ecclesiastical establishment, no such necessity is laid upon those who receive the pay of the State; and we need not look very far to see the consequence. Accordingly, Hume is a staunch advocate for ecclesiastical establishments, upon the ground, that the most advantageous composition which the civil magistrate can make with the spiritual guides of the people, is, 'to bribe their indolence by assigning stated salaries to their profession, and rendering it superfluous for them to be further active than merely to prevent their flock from straying in quest of new pastors.' Even this measure of activity, however, is rendered superfluous by the tithe system, which allows the incumbent to reside at Dublin, Bath, London, or Paris, while his flock stray to the mass-house or the conventicle, as it may happen, and, so long as his tithes are duly remitted, he needs give himself no concern about the matter. Adam Smith, too, though represented by Dr. Chalmers as an opponent of religious establishments, contends, that, where there is an established religion, 'the sovereign can never be secure, unless he has the means of influencing, in a considerable degree, the greater part of the teachers of that religion,' either by the fear of deprivation or by the expectation of preferment; in other words, by rendering the supply of religious instruction a source of influential patronage to the State. Is this the free-trade system?

Overlooking or mis-stating all that has been actually urged by the Economists, whether in favour of the free-trade principle or against it, our Author proceeds to argue, that it comes to the same thing, whether Government pays any part of the price of religious instruction in the shape of a bounty (such as an establishment provides, or a *regium donum* grant), or whether the instruction is provided by a missionary society or by private individuals, without expense to the parties receiving it. Christianity, according to this curious reasoning, was first introduced and propagated upon

* 'Wealth of Nations,' b. iv. c. 5.

† Ib. b. v. c. 1.

a system the very opposite to the free-trade principle. The Establishment principle, if we are to believe the Professor of Theology in the university of Edinburgh, is the *gratuitous* principle; and the tithe system, which taxes the many for the benefit of the few, is in strict accordance with that by which the apostles were maintained 'at the cost of the few for the benefit of the 'many!' Lest our readers should suspect that we are jocosely burlesquing the learned Doctor's argument, we must transcribe a few sentences of the paragraph in which he labours to prove, that it was not upon the free-trade principle, as he calls it, that the world was supplied with its Christianity.

'It was not so when the apostles went forth after the resurrection; and received their maintenance from such as Simon, the tanner, or Lydia, the seller of purple, or Stephanus and Fortunatus, and Achaicus, and others of those scripture worthies, who harboured and entertained the men of God, while they held out the bread of life, without money and without price, to the multitude at large. It was not so when the last, but not the least of the apostles, provided with his own hand for his own necessities; and the wages of Paul the tent-maker, enabled Paul the apostle, to labour in his sacred vocation without wages. It was not so when he received from other and distinct churches, that, in the church of Corinth, the gospel might not be chargeable to any; and he would suffer no man to strip him of this boasting in the regions of Achaia. And, to come down from the age of the New Testament, it generally could not have been so, that the extension of Christianity was carried forward during the three first centuries. The men who were not yet Christians did not, in those days, send to the apostolic college for men who might give them the lessons of the gospel; but, by a reverse process, teachers went forth among the yet benighted countries of the earth; and their expenses, at least in the first instance, behoved to be borne, not in the shape of a price by those who received the benefit, but in the shape of a bounty by those who dispensed it. In all these instances, contrary to every law or character of pure trade, the expense was borne either totally or partially by one party, and that for the good of another party.' —pp. 51, 52.

How extremely edifying and gratifying it must have been to certain parties among the learned Lecturer's polite auditory, more especially to any right reverend personages claiming to be the successors of the apostles, to be reminded that 'Paul the tent-maker' wrought with his own hands, in order that he might not be burdensome to the Achaian churches; that he as it were *endowed himself* with his own labour, that he might there preach the gospel without charge! And how much surprised, if not delighted, they must have been, at learning that St. Paul was therein acting in the very spirit of the endowment system, and discountenancing, not less than Constantine when he 'set up in his dominions a national establishment of Christianity,' the volun-

tary system ! And yet, while contending that Christianity could not possibly have been introduced into any land upon the free-trade principle, without a bounty, Dr. Chalmers admits, that 'commerce sometimes obtains a footing for itself in particular 'countries,' in the very way which he represents to be so impracticable on commercial principles.

'Before the natives can have a liking for certain of its articles, they must first have a sight and a trial of them ; and so instances can be given, where dealers have adventured their goods into places where, instead of finding a market, they had first to form one, at their own hazard, therefore, or even expense, in the first instance, and not at the expense of customers And might not Christianity be sped in like manner ? Though introduced at the expense of others, might it not, when the appetite for its lessons is excited, be maintained by themselves afterwards ; and that not by certain of the nation for the benefit of the rest, but entirely and exclusively by those who receive the benefit ? It might be very true that missionaries, at the charge and bidding of those who are Christians, must be employed for the conversion of those who are not Christians ; but may it not also be true, that, after their conversion has been effected, then a native demand will be set agoing ; and ministers be employed, at their own charge and their own bidding, for keeping up this religion from generation to generation ?

'There is a great semblance of probability for this, in much that might be seen, both throughout our own land and in various countries of Christendom. In Britain, there are many hundreds of large and flourishing congregations, where all the expenses of the service are defrayed by the hearers themselves. These are pure instances of free trade, and of an interchange as complete and equal as any which ever takes place between the buyers and the sellers of a market—where Christian instruction is rendered by the one party, and where its price, its whole price, is rendered by the other party—where there is not one farthing of endowment to help out the maintenance of the clergymen ; and a remuneration for his labour, often adequate and respectable, is fully made good to him by those who enjoy the fruits of it. This operation of demand and supply is often exemplified both within and without the church of England, in many a successful chapel and many a prosperous meeting-house—where, in virtue of a large or a wealthy attendance, the produce of the seat-rents is sufficient, both for the payment of the minister and for all the other expenses of the concern. And, most assuredly, we have no quarrel with institutes like these—provided only that a pure gospel is delivered, and that Christian good is done by them. In whatever way Christ is faithfully and efficiently preached, it is the part of every honest disciple therein to rejoice ; and no one can question the undoubted contributions made to the cause of religion, in the proprietary chapels of such churchmen as Newton, and Cecil, and Howell, and Daniel Wilson, or of such dissenters as Watts, and Doddridge, and Andrew Fuller, and Robert Hall. But it follows not, that, because there is a fitness in such as these to supplement the Establish-

ment, there is also a sufficiency in them to supersede the Establishment?'—pp. 55—57.

All this is so excellent, and forms so complete a reply to the foregoing argumentation as to the impossibility of propagating the gospel upon the free-trade principle, that we regret to have any quarrel with an opponent who does us the justice of answering himself. It is hard, however, to keep him to the point. The question he has undertaken to discuss, is not whether there is a *sufficiency* in such free institutions to supersede the Establishment, but whether Christianity can either be introduced or be maintained in any land upon the free-trade principle. Missionary work, he argues, is paid and provided for, not by the receivers of Christianity, but by its dispensers; 'we do not sell the gospel, 'but give it;' and this he calls having recourse to a bounty, 'that 'dread and deprecation of all the economists.' It is no such thing; it is nothing like what is understood by a bounty, which is a premium paid by Government to encourage mercantile enterprises for the ostensible benefit, not of the consumer, but of the producer; and, generally speaking, bounties have been granted to uphold monopolies, and to counteract the effects of beneficial competition. To compare these State bounties with the voluntary advances of Christian benevolence, designed to benefit, not those who are engaged in the enterprise, but the objects of it, is a most palpable and ridiculous fallacy. What, in the name of common sense, does Dr. Chalmers understand by the principle of free trade? The epithet free has no meaning, in this connexion, but as opposed to injurious monopolies and restrictions. Does that principle forbid the raising of funds for planting colonies, for engaging in new schemes of mercantile adventure, or even for benevolent enterprises? Assuredly not. It only requires that the State should not embarrass by fiscal restrictions the operations of commerce. Its motto is, *Laissez-faire*. Protect trade, but do not force it by injurious patronage. Let it find its own channels. Do not, by a system of bounties, make the many pay for the benefit of the few. Do not, for instance, by a bounty upon the product of slave labour, counteract the competition of free labour, and thus, by bolstering up a wasteful system incapable of sustaining itself by its legitimate profits, rob the consumer, and inflict a moral wrong upon human nature by your fiscal blunder. Such is the language which the doctrine of free trade would dictate. Now, although we are not fond of the phrase, and have never been accustomed to hear it used, we must say that, by a fair analogy, the free-trade principle applies to the duty of Governments in respect to the instruction of the people. All State bounties which preclude legitimate competition, which raise the price to the consumer, which uphold an unjust monopoly, which limit the supply, or vitiate it, as is the inevitable effect of religious establishments and state endowments, are to

that extent, and on these grounds, injurious to the cause of Christianity and to the national interests.

But, 'on the strict principles of a reciprocal trade,' whether free trade or not, Christian institutions could not, it is said, be maintained. What economist, what voluntary has ever held language that could by possibility be tortured into the sense of treating the Christian ministry as a trade, or reducing the supply of Christian knowledge, or the education of the people, to the strict rules of trade? Dr. Chalmers is very fond of fighting the air; no wonder that, in so doing, he often deals his blows upon himself. It is a principle of trade, that, unless the price which a commodity fetches covers the cost of production, it will cease to be brought to market. But 'the returns for the articles 'of Christian instruction are very often beneath the prime cost 'incurred in the preparation of it.' They who receive the whole benefit of the ministration, do not pay the whole price of it, and the deficiency is covered by certain others. What then? An analogy may be pushed too far. The only object of trade is profit; the only principle of trade, remuneration of labour and capital. But the object of religious institutions, is not profit; and the principle of trade does not apply to them. What has this to do with the question, whether the supply should be *free*?—whether, so far as the analogy holds good, the principle of free trade, rather than of monopoly, should be adhered to? St. Paul, referring to the claim of the Christian pastor or evangelist to maintenance, lays down the axiom, that the 'labourer is worthy of his hire.' What if some well endowed Rabbi, nettled at the apostle's advocating the *wages* principle, had said; 'The world can never 'be supplied with its instruction on that principle; for, first, the 'labourer must wait to be hired before he can claim wages, and 'those who most need to be instructed will not hire a stranger to 'teach them: secondly, some of you labour for nothing, and 'thereby undersell the paid labourer; thirdly, you abandon your 'own principle by 'robbing other churches, taking wages of them 'to preach the gospel freely' to others;* and, fourthly, it comes 'to the same thing, whether you allow the brethren of Macedonia to support you while preaching in Achaia without hire or 'wages, or whether you draw your support from the Temple 'funds or from the Roman treasury.' Would the learned professor of Jewish theology, who should thus have combated the voluntary principle as implied in the apostolic axiom, have proved St. Paul or himself to be the blunderer and the sophist? But, to use the words of our Author, 'such is the melancholy upshot of those 'rash and unfortunate generalizations which the philosopher 'often indulges in his closet.'

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In his third Lecture, Dr. Chalmers undertakes to disprove the sufficiency of the Voluntary principle. But there are, he tells us, two sorts of the Voluntary principle; 'the Voluntaryism *ab intrâ*, and the Voluntaryism *ab extrâ*.' The former is coincident with the principle of free trade: the latter is in conflict with it, and is but the Establishment principle in disguise! If a congregation is left, out of its own resources, to pay the expenses of its own ministry, it acts out the principle of 'internal voluntaryism.' But if it receives a sixpence by way of aid from the contributions of others, it 'draws upon external voluntaryism,' and makes a practical acknowledgment of the insufficiency of the free-trade 'system.' Consequently, every Dissenting congregation that contributes out of its internal voluntaryism to the support of missions or village preaching, gives up the voluntary principle, ceases to be acting freely, and adopts the whole principle of a State Establishment! And 'if the offerings of the external be 'thankfully received by the voluntaries themselves when harassed 'by the short-comings of their internal voluntaryism, what becomes of the economical argument against National Establishments of Christianity?' With an individual who can impose this upon his own understanding for reasoning, it were useless to argue. As this Lecture is but a fantastic repetition of the fallacious assumptions and almost insane logic in the preceding one, we shall not stay to dilate upon the ineffable absurdity of the Author's definition of the voluntary principle, which makes it mean any thing but what the advocates of the voluntary system intend or understand by it; a definition which identifies opposites, making the duty of a man's paying his own minister to clash with his attending to the claims of benevolence, and representing voluntary contributions for the support of religion to be the same thing as involuntary and compulsive payments exacted by the State. By such an abuse of words it were easy to make a show of proving any thing; and the Doctor complacently concludes, on the strength of such showing, that 'it will be seen there is a 'harmony not previously seen, perhaps not even suspected before,' [true enough!] 'between the doctrine of a National Establishment, and at least one great branch of the voluntary principle;' 'a parliamentary vote' being, 'both in principle and in effect, 'but an example of the voluntary principle *ab extrâ*.' Triumphant demonstration!

Lecture IV., 'On the Circumstances which determine a Government to select one Denomination of Christianity for the 'National Religion,' may be dismissed with a very brief notice. The only distinctly intelligible proposition which we can extract from a flood of words, is, that the British Parliament did well to prefer Protestantism to Popery; and that should ever Government exercise its prerogative in a manner which Dr. Chalmers

would think not right, by an application of the voluntary principle *ab extrâ* to the endowment of any other faith than the Protestant, he trusts that the people of this land would resist and overbear it. From which it is manifest, that it belongs to Government to select a denomination, when it happens to make a right selection; and that an Establishment is a very good thing, when the Established Church happens to be as orthodox as the Church of Scotland, or as 'prosperous, in the vital and spiritual sense,' as that of Ireland. Dr. Chalmers is a Liberal after all, for, in thus limiting the right and prerogative of Government, he clearly recognizes the sovereignty of the people.

But 'it is easier to state the grounds of preference on which 'Protestantism should be adopted rather than Popery, as being 'the worthier of the two for a national provision,' than to state any valid reason why one denomination of Evangelical Protestantism should be selected, to the exclusion of all others, 'as 'entitled to the privileges and honours of an Establishment;' and why a different denomination should be selected in two different parts of the same kingdom. Dr. Chalmers adverts to this difficulty, and leaves it pretty much where he found it. The chief subject of the Fifth Lecture is, the alleged efficacy of a *Territorial* Establishment; not an Establishment deriving its revenues from territorial wealth, as the term might seem to imply, but a scheme which assigns to the clergyman a certain district 'within the 'limits of which he may exert an ecclesiastical surveillance or 'guardianship over one and all of the families.' In this territorial principle, he remarks, which is no other than that of the parochial system, 'lies the great strength of an Establishment,' and its superiority over the congregational plan. It is true, however, he admits, 'that though we can create the right machinery, we 'cannot create the right men; and without these, the machinery 'may either be ill worked or not worked at all, and so be the instrument of evil instead of good.' But what if the machinery itself be adapted to exclude the right men, and so to defeat its professed object in nine cases out of ten? We do not simply 'denounce this as Utopianism;' we deny, in the first place, that an Establishment gives any advantage to the territorial incumbent over the city missionary, the visitor of a Christian Instruction Society, or any other description of voluntary agency; and next, we deny the legitimacy of the ecclesiastical surveillance which an Establishment affects to vest in the parochial minister. We object to the territorial principle so explained, because it is one of usurpation and exclusion. The parish minister resents the intrusion of any other upon his territory, as an ecclesiastical trespass, an invasion of his office, a reflection upon his competency, or a competition with his endeavours. It is thus that a territorial

Establishment necessarily fosters the pride of caste and the spirit of intolerance.

The concluding Lecture treats of the 'circumstances which justify a Government that has assumed one from among the several denominations for the National Establishment, in abiding by the selection it has made.' And the first argument adduced in vindication of this policy, is the incompatibility of the territorial principle with the endowment of different sects. But not only is it incompatible with the *endowment* of different sects; it forbids their being placed on the same footing of civil equality. It therefore involves not only partiality, but injustice; and it throws the greatest possible obstacle in the way of religious harmony. Yet, strange to say, these necessary results of a territorial Establishment are Dr. Chalmers's reasons in favour of it.

'The attempt to combine the territorial principle *with an equal treatment of all the denominations*, must be given up as impracticable; and some one denomination must be singled out for an Establishment whose ministers are to be charged *overhead* with the Christian education of the country, and each in his own sphere, to have an oversight and a certain responsibility laid upon him, for the religious knowledge and habitudes of all the families.'—p. 160.

Of *all* the families, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, Protestant or Romanist, native or foreign. It is this territorial principle which commits the charge of a Welsh parish to an English incumbent, unable to speak a word of the vernacular dialect; and consigns the oversight of some thousands of Irish papists to a clergyman of an alien church, whom they must consider as at once an intruder and a heretic. Regarded in one aspect, this exclusive system may be viewed, our Author admits, 'in the light of an injury to the sects;' but this 'collateral effect,' he treats as a trivial consideration, it being no part of the design of Government; while, 'regarded in another aspect, it should be viewed in the light of a benefit to society.' This is begging the whole question. The injury is undeniable; the benefit problematical. We claim his admission, and reject his hypothesis. We deny that the territorial principle would work beneficially, even if it did not operate thus unjustly,—even if no such sectarian distinctions divided society.

In resting the vindication of National Religious Establishments upon such grounds as these, Dr. Chalmers, however, concedes much to the Voluntaries, whose auxiliary labours he admits to be as valuable as they are necessary. Standing as a Presbyterian clergyman in the midst of Episcopalians, he could not altogether forget, that the orders of his own church are treated as invalid by the church established in this country, and that all its pulpits are

closed against him and his brethren as schismatics. Some recollection of this kind, probably, prompted him to exclaim:

‘We do not speak of the sin of schism in the abstract. There is much said on this subject by certain domineering churchmen, who arrogate a mystic superiority to themselves, while they would consign all others beyond the pale of Christianity—wherewith we cannot in the least sympathise. It is not on any pretension of this sort, that we would vindicate the establishment of the churches, either of Scotland or England. We do not feel it necessary for such a purpose, to depress immeasurably beneath us, either the creed or the government of other denominations. We most willingly concede of sectaries we could name, that they are at one with us in all which is vital, and only differ from us in certain minute and insignificant peculiarities; and yet the establishment, the single, the exclusive establishment, of our existing churches in their respective countries, might be made to rest, we think, on a firmer because a more rational basis—on a far clearer principle, than is alleged by those who claim for their ministers the immaculate descent of a pure and apostolic ordination. We disclaim all aid from any such factitious argument,—an argument which could have been of no avail against the Popery that we rejected, and should be of as little avail against those denominations of Protestantism which have been left unendowed.

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‘When once the Church of England shall have come down from all that is transcendental or mysterious in her pretensions, and, quitting the plea of her exclusive apostolical derivation, shall rest more upon that wherein the real greatness of her strength lies—the purity of her doctrines—her deeds of high prowess and championship in the battles of the faith—the noble contributions which have been rendered by her scholars and her sons to that Christian literature which is at once the glory and the defence of Protestantism—the ready-made apparatus of her churches and parishes—the unbroken hold which, as an establishment, she still retains on the mass of society—and her unforfeited possessory right to be reckoned and deferred to as an establishment still—When these, the true elements of her legitimacy and her power, come to be better understood; in that proportion will she be recognised as the great standard and rallying-post, for all those who would unite their efforts and their sacrifices in that mighty cause, the object of which is to send throughout our families in more plentiful supply, those waters of life which can alone avail for the healing of the nation. But the best and highest sacrifice of all were by the Dissenters of England, those representatives and descendants of the excellent ones of the earth—the Owens, and Flavels, and Howes, and Baxters, and Henrys of a bye-gone age—who rejoiced to hear of all the Christianity which there was in the church, and to see all which the church did, if but done for the Christian good of the people. We speak not of the sin of schism, of which we have sometimes heard, in language far too strong for any sympathy or even comprehension of ours. But we speak of the blessings of unity.’—pp. 172—179.

How strange that, perceiving the blessedness of unity, and that 'only by an undivided church can a community be out and 'out pervaded with religious instruction,' our Author should vindicate a policy which necessarily *divides* the church by setting one denomination above and over against every other. But we would willingly believe that Dr. Chalmers's errors are those of the head rather than of the heart; and it is impossible, after reading such a passage as we have extracted above, to part with him in any other temper than that of cordial good humour. He has done us no harm, but good service. And those who brought him into the field to prophesy against us, may have reason to complain as Balak did to Balaam: 'What hast thou done? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and behold! thou hast blessed them altogether.'

Art. II. *Whatcheer, or Roger Williams in Banishment.* A Poem. By JOB DURFEE, Esq. [Late Member of Congress, and now Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island]. pp. 200. Providence, R. I. 1832.

PERHAPS it may be as well, at the outset, to obviate the impression which some readers might be apt to receive at sight of so uncouth a designation, standing as the leading title of a long poem (of more than five thousand lines), by explaining that the word was a cheer of salutation from a tribe of savages to a family of Christian exiles, uttered at a time and place which gave it an important significance. The denomination Whatcheer Cove, then given to the spot, and still retained, has contributed to perpetuate the tradition.

The scenes are laid chiefly among the savages, such as those tribes were some two centuries since, and such as they are no longer; at least, those remains of them who linger in the neighbourhood of the civilization imported from Europe.

The doom of that race, progressively accomplishing from the commencement of the colony, and now proceeding with accelerated rapidity toward its consummation, appears an anomalous as well as a mournful chapter of human history; since there have been so many examples of people reclaimed in course of time from barbarism by contiguity and interfusion of a civilized race, acting on the rude materials partly in the way of subjugation, and partly of instruction. That a numerous section of the human race, in full and immemorial possession of a vast continent, of a high-toned and intrepid temperament, and well endowed with mental faculty, must absolutely, inevitably, perish under the pro-

gressive ascendancy of civilization on their territories, would have been a prediction to bring in more than doubt the pretensions of any oracle that should have pronounced it. Could any thing have appeared less probable, than that the arrival on their coast of a small party of virtuous and religious men, self-exiled for conscience sake, bringing with them the useful arts, the principles of civil society, and the true religion, should be the signal for the destruction of all the primitive race, from the one side of the continent to the other? How could it be conceived, that the vessel bearing the essential means of rescue from barbarism and misery, should prove to be the box of Pandora, without that reserve of hope said to remain at the bottom in mitigation of the contents of her fatal casket? Some of the pious emigrants might, at moments, entertain the idea that, in their own deliverance from tyranny, they were also appointed by Providence to bring to the wild children of nature an emancipation from their paganism and savage state of existence. And if a prophetic intimation could have been given to them of what the actual consequence would be, they would have cast anchor and touched the land with awful emotions, at the thought that they were making the first step toward the execution of so mysterious decree.

To a great extent it has already been accomplished. Some tribes, of magnitude enough in numbers, power, and extent of domain, to be called nations, have wholly perished. Of others there exist only relics, degraded, forlorn, and gradually dwindling away, under the effects of ardent spirits, aggravated diseases, mutual slaughters, from which the wretchedness suffered by them in common cannot reclaim them, and the rapid encroachments of the white (it is as yet in a modified sense, that we may say civilized) invaders of the forests. Recent accounts inform us of the prevalence, in the western tracts, of an intensely malignant pestilence, resembling the Black Death which once half desolated Europe. It kills the victims in two hours. It has almost wholly destroyed several minor tribes, and made frightful ravages in the larger; among others the Black Feet and the Crows, who make so conspicuous a figure in some of Washington Irving's memoir-romances.

But the grand comprehensive agent of destruction is this continual advance, on the whole line of the middle regions of the continent, of the European race, occupying, within each short term of years, some millions of acres more of what had been the inheritance of the Indians from their forefathers. Enfeebled in numbers, and broken in spirit, the tribes retreat westward, under an impulsion of which the peremptory nature is but thinly disguised in the semblance of a cession by sale. They fall back to become in their turn invaders of the territories of other nations, less reduced as yet in power and courage, to perish in conflicts

for a portion of their hunting-grounds, which they must perish if they do not obtain. It costs the government nothing to make a plausible representation to them of vast tracts unappropriated, pretending to guarantee the possession. They will be sure to find claimants there, who may fairly allege, that they were no parties to the treaty or bargain which has sent these aliens to share their forests, and devour the game. But it will signify little to them in the end whether they combat or combine; for the movement which threatens them all, can know no limit or pause. At no very distant time, the remoter tribes will begin to feel the pressure coming on them of the same irresistible power. And if, forced backward from one river, forest, and prairie after another, they shall think to make the mighty range of the Rocky Mountains the final barrier between them and the insatiable monopolist, the next generations of them are destined to find that its ridges, snows, and formidable defiles, have not availed; so that they have nothing at last behind them but plainly the Pacific Ocean. The collective race is doomed to extinction. This fatality is placed beyond all question in Tocqueville's striking and melancholy chapter on the subject of the Indians. Their wild nature never will, with trifling exceptions, submit to a fixed and industrious state of life, which, in spite of all the benefits they see attending it, they regard as both a misery and a dishonour. But that able writer shows, that even if they could be brought to overcome their repugnance, and make trial of the change, they would do it under such disadvantages, in comparison and competition with the intrusive occupants of their country, as no fortitude of such ill-prepared cultivators could bear them through.

While thus abandoned irretrievably to their roving, hunting, and fighting, they are suffering not only by the encroachment on their ancient territory, but by a disaster which falls on that which they nominally retain. It is a remarkable circumstance mentioned by Tocqueville, that the wild animals, the main resource of savages, retire as by some instinct at the approach of the civilized population, even when yet at a great distance; retreating hundreds of miles away from the operations and noises disturbing their wilderness. So that no small part of the lands successively ceded had, previously, become nearly useless to the Indians for affording their indispensable subsistence. This retreat of their means of living, so far beyond the actual limit of the invading cultivation, might well be mistaken by the superstitious savages for the effect of some power of sorcery, or intervention of a malignant spirit, operating in advance of the race come to supplant them.

The American authorities, in their transactions named treaties, for the cession of lands, have taken every possible advantage of the Indians. By management of the agents, quantities of

tempting wares have been exhibited before them; some adapted to temporary usefulness, and some to their fancies and appetites, the means of intoxication included. In a late instance, which was made an affair of extraordinary 'pomp and circumstance,' in pretended honour to a numerous deputation of chiefs, come as representatives of several tribes, to negotiate a 'treaty' of this sort on a great scale, a sum of money was stipulated, in the amount of which they were beaten down to what would have been a contemptible equivalent for a twentieth part of the tract surrendered; and this to be paid by instalments at such intervals that, by the time the last shall be due, far toward twenty years hence, if we remember right, it may become a question who and where are the parties to claim it. The tribes are speedily to be cleared off to 'the far west,' and that is enough.

Our right to condemn flagrant imposition and oppression, with a total indifference to any consideration and means of mitigating their hard destiny, is not the less for the question that arises—what must or can be done with or for the irreclaimable aborigines, by a powerful civilized nation of colonists. We suppose no one will be so romantic in philanthropy as to insist, that a vast portion of the earth is to be held sacred in perpetuity to some wild hordes of human creatures, of a number that, in a civilized condition, the condition which man was intended for, might subsist and flourish on a hundredth part of the space. By such a rule what would our own island have been at this time? Ought the Anglo-Americans, rapidly augmenting in numbers, turning the desert into fruitful fields, carrying with them in their advance a civilized polity, the cultivation of mind, useful ever-growing knowledge, lights of religion—ought they, on arriving at a particular brook, or touching the edge of some forest or savannah, to have felt themselves arrested there, in deference to an inviolable right of a certain band of savages, who might come in that neighbourhood once or twice in a year to hunt buffaloes—so arrested as to be precluded from progressively appropriating the ground by purchase; forbidden to think of it, as foreseeing that the acquirement of the territory would inevitably cause a bearing back of the tribe on other tribes, and conflict and destruction as the consequence? Were they, instead, to recoil on themselves, to seek out lines and corners not so tabooed, to expend their labour on bogs and sterile spots, where the aboriginal hunters' right would not be, or would be less, infringed? Were they to believe that the claims of man to the use of the earth were incomparably the largest in that portion of the species that could make the least use of it, and which sunk the nearest in habits of life to a level with the irrational animals that shared the possession; only surpassing by far the most ferocious of those animals in the propensity to riot in combat, carnage, and torture? It were doubtless

their duty to cast about for any practicable means of trial, to redeem such a degraded section of the human family from the wretched condition. But such an experiment would be met by the most direct and powerful cause of frustration in the very circumstance, of the boundless desert, their patrimony, being left and secured clear of intrusion. Such unconfined scope for their roving existence, would serve to perpetuate their barbarous condition, transmitted from their ancestors, and in which every individual of them would continue to be trained from infancy; acquiring, and we know not but inheriting, a disposition abhorrent from confinement to a place, and regular labour. And it is obvious, as Tocqueville observes, 'that not one successful step can be made toward the civilization of beings who cannot be brought to localise their interests and employments. They never will do this, never will take the ground of an improved humanity, and therefore must yield up their ancient domain to another order of possessors, dwindle to extinction, and, at no distant time, have left nothing on earth but their memory; a memory not aided by any visible traces, like those left in the monuments of some unknown race that inhabited the continent before them.'

The poem from which our attention has been diverted thus immoderately long, takes us back, as we intimated, to a time when red men, the last and best performance of the Great Spirit after several trials, presented an improving spectacle. The tribes were powerful in numbers. The ancestral pride of independence and valour sat on their brow, frowning contempt on tillers of the soil, the toiling slaves of workshops, the degraded creatures who could submit all the year round to be immured in houses and towns, or limited to the petty circle of a plantation. They retained the pristine order of society; the customs, ceremonies, superstitions, magical arts, and solemnities on grand occasions. They had not been infected with artificial tastes and want, and European diseases; had not been reduced to depend on traffic with over-reaching factors, had not been maddened and debilitated by the produce of distilleries. They had begun, however, to apprehend the danger which was approaching them in the settlement of the 'pale faces' on their coast; regarded them with a menacing aspect; and maintained with them only a precarious peace or truce, in a temper prompt for war.

It was in the midst of such a community that the hero of this narrative poem was reduced to seek—Religious Liberty. 'Of course,' says our reader, 'it was liberty from the tyranny of ecclesiastical bigotry, at that period in high and malignant domination in his native Britain.' No; it was liberty from the domination over conscience arrogated by his fellow puritans, who had themselves gone into voluntary exile to escape that very persecution. It is evident from the author's references to historic

documents that Williams was a person highly worthy of commemoration 'in prose or rhyme,' as one of the patriarchs of American christianity.

'Roger Williams was born of reputable parents in Wales, A. D. 1598. He was educated at the University of Oxford; was regularly admitted to orders in the Church of England, and preached for some time as a minister of that Church; but on embracing the doctrines of the Puritans, he rendered himself obnoxious to the laws against non-conformists; and embarked for America, where he arrived with his wife, whose name was Mary, on the 5th of February, A. D. 1631.' p. 167.

Though he could not have expected, on arriving at Salem, to have much use, defensive or offensive for his nonconformist and protesting principle, it had not become pointless or rusty during its short abeyance. And he soon found matters to declare against, with an uncompromising boldness which brought him into collision with the sort of mongrel ecclesiastical and civil authority established there.

'He had scarcely landed ere he began to assert the principle of religious freedom, and insist on a rigid separation from the Church of England. A declaration that the magistrate ought not to interfere in matters of conscience could not fail to excite the jealousy of a government constituted as that of Massachusetts then was. And this jealousy was roused into active hostility when, in the April following his arrival, he was called by the Church of Salem as teaching elder under their then pastor, Mr. Skelton.'—p. 167.

He insisted that the magistrate had no right to punish for heresy, 'or any breaches of the first table' (the appointment of the Sabbath included) 'otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the public peace.' The freest thinker must have a crotchet or two. Williams would not allow the magistrate 'to administer 'an oath to an unregenerate man;' maintained 'that a man ought 'not to pray with such, though wife, children,' &c.; and 'would 'not join the churches at Boston, because they would not make 'a public declaration of their repentance for having communion 'with the Church of England while they tarried there.' But the mortal offence to the government was, his declaration against the king's patent, granting to his subjects the lands which belonged to the Indians. A solemn process, secular and sacerdotal, terminated in an order to depart from within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, after a short interval, during which he was commanded to keep his heresies to himself. The discovery that he was employing this term of special indulgence in concerting with some of his zealously attached friends in projecting to form a little

extraneous colony somewhere within the Indian borders, where the principle of religious freedom should be fully carried into effect, decided the governor to have him forthwith shipped off for England. A naval officer was commissioned to execute the mandate; and here begins the first Canto.

In an evening in the midst of winter, he is sitting by the hearth of his humble dwelling, with his lamp and Bible; beside him his young children, and his wife at her needlework, quietly striving to repress the signs of her sorrow at the thoughts of what is before them; when a visitation still more austere than the snow storm, which is driving around the cottage, rudely pushes in among them in the shape of a 'Deacon,' to announce, in the harsh and magisterial tone of bigotry armed with authority, that unless the refractory schismatic shall immediately repair to Boston, to make his submission and forswear his heresies, he will be seized and taken on shipboard, to rid the country of such a pest; a few hours' grace being the utmost that is allowed him. Expostulation, pleading of the inclemency of the season, injury to health, or any thing else, are in vain. The thing is said, and the messenger is off.

To submit or not to submit is no question with the heresiarch. But in what way to escape the instant peril is a most distressing perplexity, which excites an earnest ejaculation of prayer that some decisive counsel may, in some manner, be brought to him. He composes himself to wait and think, while the tempest is roaring with redoubled violence, followed by a partial calm; when entrance is obtained by another visitor, unknown, and of strange and striking appearance; of dignified demeanour; extreme age marked on the lineaments of his countenance; but more, and with far more of a spirit's glance, than the fire of youth gleaming in his eyes; and tones of voice which thrill through the soul. In the fewest words, he dictates an immediate journey into the wilderness; names a circumstance which shall occur to signify to the wanderer where to take his ultimate position; and departs, leaving Williams in amazement and doubt as to the quality of the mysterious stranger; but perfectly decided to obey his injunction, as an indication of the will of heaven. After a short restless slumber he rises to make his preparations; and with a tender reluctance awakes his wife to assist him, she having sunk from a fainting fit caused by the deacon's message and spite, into a sleep which has not been disturbed by the second visitation. A few travelling necessities got ready, including provisions for several days; a sorrowful adieu; and we have the adventurer setting off at the earliest dawn, to traverse, with guidance of a pocket compass, a boundless solitude of forest and snow; a solitude which was *relieved* at the approach of night by sounds which, distinguishable amidst the blasts which roared

through the woods, told him that wolves were not far off; his attention to which is withdrawn by the growl of the American panther, so evidently near that he is expecting, every moment, the deadly spring. Coming darkness and exhausted strength make it necessary to set up for the night; and, fortunately he finds himself at the entrance of a narrow valley, protected in some degree from the tempest by rocky steeps on both sides, and offering the shelter of a close growth of trees, intermingling their branches to form a thick shade overhead. He plies his hatchet for fuel, kindles a fire, and sits down to his evening meal, fortified by conscience and a sense of the protective presence of divine power, against hardship and peril, and against all access of repentance for having maintained his integrity at such a cost.

He has not more courage than is wanted. His fire is the signal to bring a pack of wolves to see after *their* evening repast, on somebody that they know must be there to have lighted it. The description, through several stanzas, is not less vivid on the page than was the light of that fire in the dark wood. We must be content with transcribing one, presenting the first spectacle in a striking night's adventure.

'Growling they come, and in dark groups they stand,
Show the white fang, and roll the brightening eye;
Till urged by hunger seemed the shaggy band
Even the flame's bright terrors to defy.
Then mid the group he hurled the blazing brand;
Swift they disperse, and raise the scattered cry;
But rallying, soon back to the siege they came,
And scarce their rage paused at the mounting flame.'

—Stanza 54. Canto I.

While severely tasked in cutting additional fuel he would be surprised to perceive the assailants becoming mute and slinking off, but that at the same moment he is startled at the cause,—the 'long whine of the panther,' which after a fearful interval of silence, breaks out into 'a long-drawn yell.' He is standing in a posture to receive the attack, not forgetting even in so critical a moment Daniel and the lions, when a human voice calls from the thicket, in words intelligible and friendly; and an armed red man darts to the spot, greeting him as 'brother;' promptly lighting the calumet; expressing his surprise at a white man's having so venturously exposed himself; and quelling his terror by explaining that it was *his* (Waban's, that is his name) mimic cry of the panther that has sent off the wolves. As plain an account as could be given in Indian language, and to Indian faculties, of the cause of the self-banishment, puts the intelligent savage in a thoughtful mood of wonder that white men should hate and persecute one another about differences,

even slight differences, of religion. He strongly surmises that *Chepian* (the Indian's Devil) must be their god. He might be excused if he deemed himself a disciple of a better faith, when he insists that the wanderer must partake the shelter and the fare of his not distant wigwam, where it is pretty certain the 'deacon' will not intrude, and very doubtful how he would get off if he should. This humble dwelling, with its wild hunter's furniture and accoutrements, becomes dignified in the description by the generous hospitality, and sedulous and perceptible care, of the proprietor ; and additionally so by his pensive, reflective, and inquiring temper of mind. The loss of his affectionately remembered wife has left him lonely and meditative ; and he is restlessly desirous to know something, if he might, of that invisible world to which she is gone.

From a profound repose our exile awakes to his sabbath orisons, performed under the wondering but quiet observation of his host, who is an especial subject of them, in prayers that his benighted spirit may be 'visited of heaven's fair light ;' and that he may be made, through his knowledge of the tribes, chiefs, and localities of the great desert, an agent to assist toward finding the land of promise for planting religious liberty. The prayers are followed by an endeavour to unfold before him the leading facts of revealed religion, to which he gives the most serious attention. He shows a philosophic candour ; there is no venom of the *odium theologicum* in his savage blood ; the term heresy has not found its way into his language ; but he requests the bringer 'of strange things to his ears' to listen in turn, while he shall exhibit the system of religious faith devoutly held by the red men on the authority of their ancestors ; a mythology which we presume the author has correctly drawn from the Indian traditions ; in part, he has verified it by reference to accounts written at a time when the race yet retained the integrity of their ancient dogmas and habits. Waban describes in highly picturesque language the genesis of the world by the great spirit Cawtantowit, existent through all space, but till then in a profound slumber, from which he awoke at last to survey a dead boundless waste of waters, which were put in commotion by the great event.

'In a vast eagle's form embodied, he
 Did o'er the deep on outstretch'd pinions spring ;
 Fire in his eye lit all immensity ;
 Whilst his majestically gliding wing
 Trembled hoarse thunders to the shuddering sea ;
 And, through their utmost limits quivering,
 The conscious waters felt their Manittoo,
 And life, at once, their deepest regions knew.'

—Stanza 13, Canto II.

Next the earth emerged, and was speedily furnished with its appropriate inhabitants—all but Man. At the creative voice a man came forth formed from a rock; but betrayed so hard and cruel a nature that the Great Spirit dashed him in shivers, to be replaced by a man and woman made from an oak and a pine, the original red pair. By the time that to these creations, with that of deities (Manittoos) and the celestial luminaries, had been added, all the good materials were worked up. But through some principle of fate the worthless and noxious refuse also felt the formative energy, and sprang to life in the shape of a horrible demon, the Chepian of the mythology. There is a controversy between our two friends about the propriety of worshipping this malignant power through fear; in which an argument addressed to the Indian's pride of courage decides him never more to render a coward's homage.

He gives Williams all the required information respecting the tribes and chiefs, their relations and dispositions; undertakes to convey intelligence to his wife, with a savage's address and caution; and indicates to him the proper direction for an excursion in the mean time, through a scenery depicted in vivid images, towards the border tract of a powerful tribe, on speculation whether to seek there the refuge for himself, his family, and freedom. Returned to the lonely cabin, to meditate on the past and the dark future of his strange destiny, and growing impatient at the protracted absence of his friend, he is at length startled by the entrance of a savage so formidably set off in all the plumed, painted, and armed array of battle, that even a packet he silently delivers from Mary leaves him unrecognised for Waban, till revealed by the tones of his voice, uttering a fierce exclamation of 'war!' It announces that a deadly feud between his and a powerful neighbouring tribe is on the point of exploding; and that there is coming a band of chiefs to demand Awanux's (the white man's) military co-operation. They arrive with the regent Sachem, Massasoit, at their head, an ancient warrior, whose undiminished valour has, nevertheless, been tempered by time and reflection. The grave ceremonial of the calumet and silence duly observed, then follows a long, animated, and eloquent discussion between the old chief and the Puritan, whose single aid in martial enterprise could not be of any account but from some notion, we may suppose, that in each individual of the 'pale-faced' nation there must reside a certain portion of that power which is proving itself irresistible in its progress of usurpation on the Indian realms; an usurpation on which the Sachem dilates in strong language of animadversion, though not personally offensive. A place of settlement shall willingly be granted to Brother Awanux; but there will be dreadful battles first, and surely he will take his share. The Puritan, though not less intre-

pid than those of his order were at a later period found to be elsewhere, declares he will have nothing to do with slaughter; but, earnestly remonstrating against the war, surprises the chiefs by offering himself for the desperate adventure, as they deem it, of bearing overtures of peace to the ferocious Narragansets, already in arms. After an interval of solemn silence, to consider so unexpected a turn, the wise old Sagamore accedes, and by a very politic representation to his chiefs, on fire for battle, obtains the acquiescence of all but one, a sort of Moloch of the council, under whose sullen half submission there appears to lurk a malignant treachery, which draws from the presiding chief a stern denunciation of death against any one who shall waylay the messenger of peace. Waban is appointed to accompany him, bearing the calumet.

An alarming scene opens on their view, in their near approach to the central station of the Narragansets—the war dance, in all its fantastic, ramping, and yelling furies. It required our ambassador's strongest efforts to repress his own apprehensions, and the kindling fierceness of his companion, while they advanced with the emblem of peace through the frowning and menacing multitude, whose hands were observed going instinctively into contact with their tomahawks and arrows; the very children's precocious ferocity being darted at them in looks, gestures, and curses. But the laws of truce must not be violated; and the messenger is conducted by Miantonomi, a young warrior of noble, but formidable aspect and loftiest bearing, into the presence of the venerable head of the tribe, under whose dignified austerity his courage somewhat quails; especially when the Sagamore, in reply to the pacific proposition, goes, though calmly, into a train of severe and just comments on the ill faith and insatiable rapacity of the pale-faced race. But, fortunately again, he is a person whose martial spirit has been tempered to moderation by reason, experience, and policy; he discourses with a judgment and equity which might shame almost any statesman; is willing to entertain the overture of the enemy; and for the purpose of deliberation issues a command to delay the march of his fiery legions. Williams improves the interval to make acquaintance with the most influential chiefs, whom he brings to a favourable temper by his frank deportment, his representations of the very palpable and solid benefits of peace, and a distribution of trifling presents. There is, however, one individual who repels and scorns his advances, a pawaw, or wizard, the priest of Chepian; a man abhorred, but still more dreaded, as being firmly believed to wield the powers of the terrible demon. The poet is true to the early history of the colony, in representing the pawaw as exercising a power which would *appear* preternatural to the Englishman as well as the Indians. Those men did possess some unexplained

means of producing effects so strange and frightful, as to be ascribed, in the opinion of probably all the settlers, to an agency beyond mere human art and power. Our author avoids committing himself on the question :

‘ I will not say that devils did enlist,
To do the bidding of this grim pawaw ;
He may have been a wild ventriloquist,
Formed by rude nature ; but the age which saw
The marvels which he wrought, would aye insist,
His spells surpassed material nature’s law ;
And that the monarch of th’ infernal shade
Mustered his legions to the wizard’s aid.’

—Stanza 18, Canto V.

This malignant has all that can be conceived of infernal in his disposition ; denounces destruction ; challenges to a trial of power ; and on an appointed day comes forth, with all the appalling insignia and ceremonial of his office, in the view of the whole tribe assembled to witness the experiment, with an awe that held them as if petrified, in expectation of some terrible event. The spectacle and process are exhibited with great vigour of description. He tells the assembled nation that he has received from his god an imperative command to rouse them with the alarm of the destruction that is darkening over them by the continual advance of the invading aliens from beyond the ocean, on whom he pronounces execrations, and ends his address with a challenge of defiance and scorn to the wretch of a white man now before them, a defiance intrepidly hurled back on the ‘ Priest of Beelzebub.’ An assemblage of beings who could heroically brave torture and death, here shrinking under the dire spell of superstition, are intent with shuddering breathless expectation on the opening of a casket, believed to contain a potent Manittoo, which comes forth in the shape of a rattlesnake. It swells, and glides, and spires, splendid in preternatural colours ; and after several evolutions fixes its glance on Williams, moving toward him with elevated crest ; while some magical fascination, of odours, colours, and musical sounds, diffused through the air, trances his senses and prostrates his strength ; the multitude shouting ‘ the manittoo ! the manittoo ! ’ He recovers at the critical moment, when the snake is coiled to make the spring, and strikes off its head. Enraged at the sight, the more hateful human monster poises an envenomed lance, and is prevented from darting it only by Waban’s arresting his arm. The brave and indignant Miantonomi, with a violent blow of the haft of his lance, drives the miscreant away yelling and howling into the woods. There is a short suspense of amazement and stupefaction in the multitude, and then a shout of exultation. The ancient

chief congratulates the victor and his own people ; assures him of unlimited privilege on their territories, at the same time enjoining on him to use his good offices for them with his white brethren ; and sends him back with the joyful news of peace to the tribe from which he has been commissioned. Welcomed on his return among them, he receives the free grant of whatever place within their domain he shall choose for the church in the wilderness.

We have then his surveying tour, his selection, the wooden construction of his lodge ; the enclosure and commencing cultivation of a portion of ground, with indefatigable toil, and able assistance in every operation from the faithful and equally indefatigable Waban. His imagination has begun to expand around this nucleus of a Free State, arranging over the tract the future dwellings, gardens, plantations, schools, places of worship, all the charities of life and religion ; with a total and endless exclusion of crabbed deacons and ecclesiastical tribunals. What a disturbance to his flattering visions to find this incipient Eden invaded by, almost literally, the infernal serpent—‘the fell Pawaw!’ Certain signs of some malignant presence preceded his being descried, with an assistant fit companion, by Waban, in the edge of a gloomy forest, on the opposite side of a river, across which there takes place a mutual demonstration of hatred and defiance, by furious shouts and shot of arrows. But a sudden and somewhat protracted cessation of the annoyances allows the patriarch of freedom to recover confidence enough to commission his brave and wary associate to fetch Mary and the children, by a journey which must be of several days. Such is, however, his impatience, that he follows his messenger all the way to a spot within view of Salem, and whence he can see the hasty transactions at the cottage, the loading of two horses, lent by one of his secret friends, with moveable articles ; and the setting out of the family on foot.

The narration of this journey is wrought up to an interest not exceeded in intensity by any story in poetry or romance. There is a first moment of unmingled delight at the re-union ; but as they proceed, Williams is alarmed at the manner of Waban, alternately accompanying and preceding the little band, in silence, and with a restless, starting, glancing vigilance ; explained after a while, in words not intelligible to Mary, by the information that, in his way to Salem he had been tracked by the hell-hound ; at the end of it had perceived him watching the family’s dwelling ; and is certain, from indications unequivocal to Indian sagacity, that he is now lurking near at hand in the forest, to dog them with deadly purpose in their progress. Whatever, for the frustration of that purpose, is possible to a wild hunter, and to no other man, is done by the quick senses, and searching and daring

activity of Waban, as guide and protector of the slow and toilsome march, till the approach of evening; when the anxiety and fear which had harassed them at every step through the day are aggravated to extreme distress at the almost hopeless prospect for the night. The nearest Indian village is named; but it is much too far off to be reached by the wearied females and children. To complete the dismay of the situation, an arrow from the dark forest passes and grazes Waban's head. He plunges into the thicket to find the unseen foe, but only hears him breaking away to a distance through the underwood. He then recollects, as the only possible resource, and not very far off, a cave, in which he and other hunters had sometimes found shelter in tempest or the night. The terror which hastens their movement toward the dreary refuge is but partially allayed by their entrance into it; for it is quite certain that the demoniac pursuer will soon be in their neighbourhood. The mother and children are bestowed in the rude but sufficiently capacious hold. At some distance down an open avenue, by which alone it is accessible, Waban makes a great fire of the dry wood of the brake, to the surprise of Williams at a proceeding just only fitted, as he should think, to betray their hiding place. The sagacious Indian promptly sets him right, by explaining that the deadly enemy knows their retreat perfectly well; and that the fire is for the purpose of exposing *him* in his approach, as a mark for the arrow. There is a disconsolate yet thankful short repast; and then the two guardians to their posts; Williams in the entrance, behind a partial curtain made by a suspended wild vine; Waban concealed on a jutting rock outside. Dark night; distant howlings; a fierce beast, whether dog or wolf, leaping from the thicket toward the fire, baying and howling, but recalled by a whistle before Waban's arrow could strike it. He exclaims, 'The fell Pawaw! his dog!' and shrinks back so close in his covert as to raise an apprehensive suspicion that his courage is failing. A mass of branches, moving out from the wood, tells who, though not discernible, must be there.

'Straight to the blaze they moved, and dashing down
The branches green upon the mounting flame,
Put out the light; and smoke and shadows brown
In one dense rolling night, the glade o'ercame;
The mother shrieked—the father with a groan,
All horror-stricken, trembled through his frame;
For each now felt that, with that glancing ray
The last faint trembling hope had died away.'

—Stanza 49, Canto VII.

The fixed horror of a few moments is broken up by

'A fearful growl, close to the cavern's rent.'

It is the precursory bloodhound, believed by the savages, and even by Waban, to be the Pawaw's manitto. Williams's hatchet cleaves its head. But immediately there is a stirring of the vine, by some hand forcing it aside. An earnest call, 'Waban, where art thou!' is repeated as in doubt and reproach. But Waban is just where he should be; and an arrow from his obscure position lays 'a giant savage' on the earth, howling in death. Presently there is 'another and more fearful yell;' and the reviving blaze of the fire shows a figure advancing, not doubted to be the incarnate fiend himself. Williams springs out to share the peril. The brave defender's hand and eye are on another shaft, when the bow-string breaks. Instantly he leaps from his rock, darts down the avenue, evades a hatchet hurled with impetuous force at his head, and closes in mortal conflict. The combat soon passes out of view into the wood, where it is protracted through every variety of ardent, agonistic ferocity; the family listen to the sounds in an ecstasy of terror; Williams runs toward the spot with his axe, prepared to meet what might too possibly be the last extremity for them all. The signs of desperate struggle subside into silence, followed, after an interval, by the wild cry of victory; of which the expression, so intensely demoniac, conveys a fearful presage; he is held in a suspense almost intolerable, till a form issuing from the shade proves to be his champion, bearing a head into the light of the fire, in order to recognize the hideous features. All the savage flames up in his visage and action while, holding it by the long hair, he whirls it round and round, till the hard ball parts from the scalp, and goes bounding into the wood. Proceeding to the cave, he drags and tosses away the body of his previous victim; 'the black priest's comrade' cleanses himself from his bloody stains; throws himself on the ground, and falls asleep.

'Sire Williams,' with his happy family and brave defender, is re-established in his plantation; where they cheerfully labour; converse over all the trials and perils through which a good Providence has conducted them; have an amiable sympathy with all animate and inanimate nature around them; and exult by anticipation in that republic of religious freedom of which they are the hopeful germ. No fell pawaw, now, to break in on their peace. No; unless it be, perchance, the same spirit that has taken another form, the form being no other than that of—'a Plymouth elder.' A deacon again! who comes to announce from authority, with sanctimonious formality, that the recusant shall not stay there to plant and sow his heretical mischief. Just possibly, if even now at last he will repent, recant, and perform penance due, the outcast's doom may be reversed or mitigated, but else—— In vain, after an animated declamation on the prerogatives of reason and the benefits of free thinking, drily rebuked by the

elder, he represents, indignantly, that the tract he is occupying has been formally and freely conveyed to him in full right of possession, by the chief of the tribe. The deputy of church and state will have him to know, that the domain of that chief is included within the limits of the territory granted in absolute right to the colony, by the king of England. He will, therefore, continue at his peril on this side the boundary river Seekonk. Beyond that he may betake himself to the Narragansets, or whatever pagan realm he pleases, so that the Holy Land be rid of him. That this tool of intolerance can ever again sit in synod to anathematize schismatics, he owes, though unconsciously, to Williams's stern repression of the wrath of Waban, who is burning to administer the same quietus as he had to the 'black priest.'

Certain that the mandate will be enforced, our ultra-exile prepares to abandon, with poignant regret, the scene of his labours, where his plants, his hopes, and his family, are all smiling and flourishing around him, and where he has contracted an almost affectionate relation with every object. But he resumes his fortitude to console Mary and the young ones, whose distress at this breaking up of what was to have been their delightful home, and the apparently interminable doom to destitution and wandering, is described in a touching manner. His reliance on Providence here receives a confirmation, by a more express recurrence to his memory of a circumstance of which he has sometimes been transiently reminded, but without due reflection; namely, that the mysterious and perhaps super-human visitant, at whose dictate he made an instant flight from Salem, intimated his probable re-appearance to the refugee at the place appointed for his ultimate asylum; and told him that the sign of his having attained it should be the greeting, 'Whatcheer! Whatcheer!' from a tribe of Indians. No such tokens have been given him in his present situation. Human injustice therefore is only the unwitting signification of the Divine will.

The particulars of the departure; the adieu to the scene so much loved by both parents and children; Mary's pious but sorrowful endeavour to respond to her husband's faith in Providence; the last sight of the forsaken dwelling, as they are rowed and steered by Waban in his slight canoe round a projection of the land; the stern aspect of the desert solitude as they coasted along; the appearance of wild animals disturbed or attracted by their passage; are traced in picturesque description.

It is not a very prolonged voyage that brings them in sight of wreaths of smoke, rising from behind a cape. A little further, and they hear sounds which betray the presence of a multitude in a state of excitement; too probably, surmises our adventurer,

some grand assembling in preparation for war. He may well be delighted at Waban's information, obtained from incidental intelligence, that it is, instead, a joyous celebration of peace, that very peace which had been effected by his intermediation. A short labour more of the vigorous rower presents to the assembly the unknown pale faces, Mary's complexion additionally blanched at the formidable spectacle. The sudden appearance arrests their games, and brings them, all but the haughty chiefs, to the strand, gazing in silence, and not without menacing glances and gestures. There is a somewhat critical pause before their white brother has the resolution to stand up and bare his 'manly forehead;' when he is recognised by some of the chiefs, who instantly hail him with the exclamation, 'Whatcheer!' which is speedily repeated in shouts by the universal multitude.

This wild chorus is to our exile the voice of heaven. Here at last he obtains the reward of his constancy to his principles. Here is the destined spot for planting, under the auspices of a savage nation, the religious liberty which cannot grow on Christian ground, on the one side of the Atlantic or the other. To exclude all doubt, the second predicted sign immediately follows, in the apparition of the personage whose mysterious intervention at the outset had determined the enterprise. He is instantly known; but presently changes his appearance to the full splendour of an inhabitant of the upper world; a manifestation not made in some merely visionary manner to the mind, but actually to the sight, through a temporary 'change wrought on the visual nerve.' We must acknowledge an interruption here of our sense of congruity. Poetical license was, we think, strained to the utmost in the first intervention, the visible intervention at all, of such a being. If, however, it should be admitted that a case of such urgent extremity was within the old orthodox canon (*dignus vindice*), it would seem to us that another descent from heaven, merely to confirm to the apostle of freedom the assurance for which the other circumstances were sufficiently determinate, is quite superfluous, and therefore unauthorised. And when this phenomenon, essentially superfluous, is presented, not in a temperate dignity, with signs just competent to indicate a superhuman nature, but arrayed in the overpowering splendour of angelic glory, we recoil; under an impression of utter extravagance, from a spectacle out of place any where else than in oriental fiction, or the visions of the prophets. It would surely be disowning the laws of our economy, to represent such a scene as imaginable in the waking experience of modern good men in any circumstances; but it appears specially out of keeping with the rough, austere, hard matter-of-fact character of a sojourn among forests and savage hunters. Perhaps the poet will plead, that it

was an indulgence of his imagination springing upward into a brighter region, in glad relief from the prevailing gloom of his subject.

Our heroic exile is welcomed, privileged, and revered by the Indian tribe; adores the Providence that has conducted and guarded him through so many perils; and looks with faith and exultation to the future ever-growing prosperity of that establishment of religious freedom of which he is to be honoured as the patriarch.

In coming to the end of this protracted article, we are admonished that we have hardly dealt fairly with our author, in so scanty an exhibition of his own composition; and we are wishing our analysis had been despatched with a brevity to allow room for a variety of extracts. We may allege in excuse, that we have been detained, at each stage of the progress, by the striking singularity of the story.

We do not pretend to have mastered the philosophical or critical theories which have attempted to define the nature of poetry, as distinct from the other modes of intellectual production which appear very congenial. Nor have we much tact for the application of certain niceties of prescription, which we may perhaps suspect to be arbitrary and pedantic. We are well content when a composition has the substantial elements which all must acknowledge to constitute the essence of poetry. And these, we think, the present work possesses in a high degree.

It was a daring proposition to the Muse to go on an adventure over such a field. Her silken robes and delicate habits were likely to come to rough service among the wildest of forests and of men. The scene of action affords, indeed, a marked advantage in point of novelty; but to some tastes this advantage will be counterbalanced by the rugged, sombre, dreary, frowning character of this new region for the incursion of poetry. He who has been attuned to all the refinements, genuine or spurious, of cultivated society, or, in his studies, has been sojourning in classic bowers, in the company of nymphs, of 'mortal or immortal mould,' softened in the luxuries of fine sentiment, enamoured of elegance and grace, fastidious in every taste, will look about him with strange and shrinking sensation, when he finds himself among dark primeval forests, howling wolves, the smoke of wigwams, and the yells of savages.

There is an importance quite adequate to sustain a poetical structure on so large a scale, in the subject it commemorates, that is, the origination of an absolute religious liberty, springing up on the border of a then barbarous continent, clear of all contamination of hierarchical and secular institution, destined to advance and spread through all future ages. And the hero (for so

he may justly be denominated in a moral sense, as well as in that of his being the chief actor) of this noble cause, is worthy of his vocation. His soul is honestly zealous for the principle; he is firm, patient, persisting, inflexible; trusting in God and ready to abide all consequences; nevertheless not of iron consistence, but subject to anxious, painful, and tender emotions. His affectionate manner to his wife is just such as is merited by so amiable an associate, whose less vigorous spirit suffers a hard conflict, between pious resignation and the terrors of the adventure. The narration is perspicuous and consecutive, maintaining a close and natural connexion in the train of events. It is also in fact rapid, though it is not till on reflection how many particulars are told in a short space and in the fewest words, that the reader is aware of it. For there is a very singular cast of quiet sobriety in the language that bears us on through the changes, even when it relates matters of the strongest excitement; so much in contrast with the tumultuary, precipitate, and sonorous diction often assumed by poetic narration. There is often a sort of homeliness of phrase, with a slight tinge of quaintness, which does not put the reader in the mood for poetic perception; he does not seem to know that it is *poetic* feeling, while he goes on strongly interested by the strange scenes, situations, and transactions.

We have said the narration is consecutive. It is kept in a direct forward progress toward the ultimate event, without diverging or wandering to matters unconducive to the design. The only part that may be called an episode is the Indian's account of the mythology established in the faith of his race. With the exception on which we have just commented, there are not, we think any violent transgressions of probability, in the means and circumstances of the prosecution and accomplishment of the enterprise. Indeed the Author says he has adhered in a great measure to historical documents, including one written by Williams himself.

In the power of description the poet excels eminently. The wild aspect of nature, in both its permanent and its changing phases; the gloom of a solemn desolation, with, nevertheless, the beauties that here and there sparkle with life; the ominous incidents; the situations of alarm or relief; the external signs of the passions; the appearance, manners, and imposing spectacles, of the savage tribes; are presented with a graphic reality, by combinations of expression discriminatively selected in an ample command of language. We have noticed many instances of the happy introduction of small but characteristic circumstances, giving a verity to the description, and evincing an intimate vigilant observation of both material and moral phenomena. The reflections, always apposite to the occasion, are seldom so pro-

longed, or set forth in such detached form, as in the following instance, the first Stanza of the third Canto:

• No pain is keener to the ardent mind,
Filled with sublime and glorious intents,
Than when stern judgment checks the impulse blind,
And bids to watch the pace of slow events,
To time the action—for it seems to bind
The ethereal soul upon a fire intense,
Lit by herself within the kindling breast,
Prompting to action while she chains to rest.

It must have required considerable courage in our Author to face the formidable array of names which he foresaw would demand to take position in his lines. At least our elegant verse-makers on this side the water would have been appalled at the sight and sound of a nomenclature of persons and places like this: Massasoit, Apannow, Annawan, Wampanoag, Wanontom; Mattapoiset, Pokanoket, Pocasset, Namasket, Coweset, Pawtuxet, Potowomet, Weybosset, Mooshausick, Seconnet, Wamponoand; an euphony somewhat different, certainly, from that of a Homeric catalogue. We plead exception for some other of the personal denominations, especially those of our gallant friends Waban and Miantonomi; whom, besides, we know not why we should not like fully as well in capacity of heroes as Ajax, Menelaus, and a score of the rest. With valour at the least equal, they display much more sense, justice, and magnanimity. The poet has shown much dexterity in civilizing these savage sounds into the easy current of his lines. But indeed they are far less refractory to English metre and utterance than most of the terms and denominations which are attempting to make their way to us from the opposite side of the globe, with the prestige of oriental associations.

The poem is inscribed in some affectionate lines, to Professor Elton, of Rhode Island, by whom we have been favoured with a copy.

Art. III. *Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems.* By THOMAS RAGG, Author of 'The Deity,' 'The Martyr of Verulam,' &c., &c. 12mo. London: Longman & Co. 1837.

MR. RAGG'S master effort, upon the lofty and awful theme of 'The Deity,' is a very extraordinary poem, viewed irrespectively of its being the production of a self-educated mechanic, working for his subsistence fourteen hours a day in a twist machine. To have succeeded in reaping laurels in a field strewn with the broken weapons of preceding adventurers, in a species of religious poetry the most open to Johnson's rash objection, that 'Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified;' and that poetry loses its lustre and its power when 'applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself,'—this is, indeed, a high achievement. Few of our best poets have displayed equal skill in the difficult art of reasoning in verse; and the faults of the poem consist of daring metaphysical flights and feats of ingenuity, in the management of subjects better 'let alone;' which detract nothing from the literary merit of the execution. The poet's arguments and reasonings are confessedly borrowed; and his authorities are chiefly responsible for the improprieties to which we allude; but, in the use he has made of his materials, he displays an originality of mind which stamps a new mintage upon the bullion of thought. His command of language, and his perspicuity of style, are admirable. We are not surprised at meeting with indications of poetical feeling and sentiment, or of native genius, in persons born in humble life, and not having enjoyed the advantages of liberal education; but what especially distinguishes Mr. Ragg from many of the literary phenomena of this description which have excited astonishment for a time, is, that he combines with considerable poetic talent a vigour of understanding, a moral enthusiasm, and an earnestness of purpose, which give intrinsic value to his productions.

The present volume is of a more miscellaneous character; and it will hardly be expected that the author should be equally successful in every style. But there is some noble poetry in it; sufficient, had the author written nothing else, to procure for the 'Nottingham mechanic' the thanks and the praise of those whom he would wish most to please. The volume opens with Night, a poem in blank verse, in two Books.

'Dark theme, but spangled with ten thousand stars.'

Night,—the poet's day, when to him the flowers of fancy expand, and his free spirit expatiates in the heaven of invention, is apostrophized in a strain of natural and unaffected feeling, very dis-

similar from the stilted ethics and epigrammatic rhetoric of Young, but interesting at least the reader's sympathy, if not exciting his admiration, in a much higher degree. For instance :

' And I too hail thy coming ! though to me,
As yet thou bear'st not on thy starry wings,
Slumber, or other dreams than those which haunt
The poet's waking soul. Long hours must pass
Before my lips are privileged to press
'Thy cup of quiet fill'd from Lethe's stream.
But thou hast brought me freedom, dearly bought,
It may be, purchased at a price which he
'The leader of Britannia's living bards*
Hath warned me will prove high. But could the slave
Emancipate, whose manacles thine arm,
My country, reaching o'er th' Atlantic wave
Hath crush'd within its grasp, be purchas'd back
To bondage ? Would the long-imprison'd bird
'Scaped from the thralldom of its wiry cage,
Once having breasted the impending clouds,
And held communion with the free-born winds,
Return for lack of food ? Less wonderful
Were these than that the meditative man,
In whom exists the impetus of song,
Cooped up within the city's busy walls,
And chained to commerce through the lengthened day,
Should, for the purchase of a longer span,
Ignobly sell his life's most precious hours,—
Sleep all the night away, and give no vent
To that which wells within him, like a spring
That searches earth's dark bosom but to find
Some aperture at which to issue forth
And leap exulting toward the face of heaven ?

' They who can muse upon the flowery banks
Of Cam or Isis, favoured ones, to whom
Wisdom displays her stores, and every hour
Bids welcome to her feast,—may, when the shades
Of evening fall, devote its peaceful reign
To relaxation and voluptuous ease ;
But, while they thus luxuriate in sweets,
We, who inherit, in life's humbler walks,
A thirst of knowledge, and a strong desire
To give the warm impressions of our souls
A durable existence,—must endure
To drink the bitter dregs of poverty,

* ' Dr. Southey, whose kind advice I would here thankfully acknowledge, though I have not been able at all times to follow it.'

Or chain to business through the day those thoughts,
Which rather would upon themselves retire,
Dwell on th' entrancing beauties of the earth,
Or wing their upward flight to worlds unknown ;
And only, when the welcome night descends,
Loose their exulting wings, and let them go.'—pp. 9, 10.

We must extract from the Second Part of the same poem, another passage, in which the poet-artizan gives vent to the feelings and sentiments naturally inspired by his own sad experience.

' Nor do all sleep.

* * * * *

And the hoarse clank
Of clamorous lace-machines, still urged along
By the pale artizan, whose rest is lost
To gorge a mart already overstock'd,
With the rich fabric that adorns the fair,
Disturbs the quiet hour. Alas ! that trade,
By thus invading nature's sacred hour,
Should of one comfort rob her hapless race,
To steal away yet more ! Alas ! that man,
Fond as the silk-worm weaving her own tomb,
Should lend himself to make encroachments thus
Upon the hours of rest, but to reduce
By over produce his scant earnings more.

' But commerce, while she yields advantages
To nations, of no trifling magnitude,
Is not without her evils. With high thoughts
Assaulting heaven, she sometimes seeks to build
Her palace mid the stars, and bid her sons
Fall down and worship : though with warning voice
Carthage, and Tyre, and Sidon, from beneath
Cry out from their eternal desolation,
' Come down and sit in dust, and learn from us
A lesson of abasement, lest again
Thy favoured ports and arsenals become
Forsaken : and the Fisherman should cast
His nets upon your shores.' Profuse of smiles,
She finds employment for the needy poor ;
But maugre all her bounty, hath a scourge
With which to drive her votaries to their toil,
And not unoften doth she use it too.'—pp. 25—28.

' Oh ! deem it not preposterous, ye who tread
Its crowded streets, or build your factories
Wall above wall, high pointing to the skies ;
Who that had passed through Edom in its glory,

When Petra was the general rendezvous
Of Caravans, within whose gates were poured
The choicest treasures of the East and West
In untold riches,—would have deemed, that now,
When scarce two thousand years have passed away ;
It would be known but by its desolation
And stones of emptiness? Who, that had stood
Upon the coasts of Tyre, when the tall ships
Of Tarshish filled her ports with merchandise,
And made her merchants Lords—had thought the time
At hand when not a vestige should be left
Of all that busy scene? And what prevents
That she should be as these, that on our shores,
Some philosophic wanderer should alight
To gaze on devastation? And, if chance
Should lead his steps so far into the land,
May wonder what the stones upon yon hill,
Or strewn about these desert meadows were ;
Or marvel much no records should be left,
From which to trace the name of this fair stream,
That rolls in majesty through mounds of ruins
Unnoticed and unknown. Thy bricks are not
More durable than rocks, and these have failed !
And Commerce that finds wings, wherewith to bear
Thy mixed commodities to distant lands,
Ere long upon those wings may flee away,
And all be lost to thee.

Not that the laws
Of uncontrolled necessity forbid
That nations long should flourish, dealing out
To every one a portion of success
For its due season, then withholding all
Their fair supplies, that they may sink to nought,
Whilst others build their palaces on high,
And send their name and glory through the world :
Nor that the exaltation of a state
Depends upon the wand'rings of a star,
Which man has dubbed its representative.
Tyre might have been the mart of nations still,
But Tyre despised its God. The tract of land,
As the earth's fatness, unto Esau given,
Might still have brought its old abundance forth,
And ne'er been buried by the drifting sands
Had Esau ne'er rebelled against the Lord.
For this Jehovah bade him build his nest
High as the eagle's, in the flinty rock,
But He would bring him down. For this the curse
Was poured abroad ; and 'stones of emptiness'
Are Petra's everlasting feature now.
For this, the rending lightnings blasted first

The tower of pride, that rose on Shinar's plain.
 For this, have Nineveh and Babylon,
 Carthage and Tadmor, made their beds in dust.
 For this, was Greece dismember'd ; Egypt spoiled ;
 Rome torn by factions ; and the western world
 Released from thralldom, the foundation made
 Of numerous kingdoms, Japhet having gained
 The promised blessing. And shall these remain,
 When all their great progenitors have failed ?
 Their deeds must answer for them. ' Righteousness
 Exalts a nation.' Stedfastness and truth
 In their Creator's laws will gain for them
 A longer period of prosperity,
 Or sin will drag his vengeful thunders down.'

—pp. 30—32.

We have omitted some intervening lines upon the subject of immolating children in the factories, which do credit to the writer's feelings ; but questions of political economy cannot be discussed with advantage in poetry. Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' furnishes no better argument against Emigration, than the abuses of the factory system do against the employment of children under proper regulations.

We must now proceed to give a few specimens of the lyrical poems. The 'Sketches from Life' we must pass over, as for the most part more true to life than remarkable for their poetical merit. It seems to us that Mr. Ragg has not been able to bring himself to bestow 'poetic pains' upon these unstudied effusions, and has trusted to the interest which they will awaken as simple records of fact and feeling apart from the grace and polish of material language and the music of rhyme. The 'Page from the Author's History,' will not fail to interest the reader of sensibility in the character of the Author ; but as poetry, these Sketches would never have entitled Mr. Ragg to reputation. The 'Lyrics from the Pentateuch,' although of unequal merit, are of far superior execution. The third of the Series, 'Adam, where art Thou?' first published among some specimens of the Author's talent, is a very spirited and vigorous production. Nor is the following much less striking :

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

GEN. xxi. 15, 16, 17.

'Why weepest thou, fond mother ?
 Thy child is blest of heaven ;
 Though to his younger brother
 The land of Canaan's given.

The Lord the God of Abraham,
 Who parcels out the earth,
 Will not forget thy little one,
 A prince of noble birth ;
 And he hath promised that from him
 Shall rise a hardy race,
 Unconquer'd in the battle field,
 Unrivalled in the chase.'

' ' Vain dreams of greatness ! mock not thus
 An anxious mother's sorrow ;
 My child, the darling of my hopes,
 Will be a corpse to-morrow :
 The once great son of Abraham
 Now destitute is lying ;
 Cold, clammy sweats are on his brow,
 My Ishmael is dying.
 His soul hung on the lips that press'd
 The empty pitcher's brink,
 And seemed as passing with the words
 ' My mother ! give me drink.'
 In vain I tore myself away
 To shun his closing eyes ;
 Too well I know the imploring look,
 That fills them as he dies.
 Oh ! might my tears but quench his thirst,
 Its rage should not last long,
 For I would weep my life away
 Upon his parched tongue.'

' ' Why weepest thou, fond mother ?
 Can heaven afford no aid ?
 Thy rising anguish smother,
 And let thy griefs be stayed :
 The God of peace, the God of love,
 Thus far hath led thee on,
 And will perform the promise, made
 To thine and Abraham's son.
 Behold a well of water nigh '
 (The angel stood confess'd)
 ' Give drink unto thy little one,
 And calm thy troubled breast.'

' ' Oh God of heaven ! and art thou still
 The banished Hagar's friend ?
 And shall her tears then cease to flow,
 Her sorrow find an end ?
 Blest messenger of heavenly love !
 How much I owe to thee,
 Who bringest me such kindly aid
 In life's extremity.

Drink ! drink, my child ! he lives ! he lives !
 My Ishmael lives anew ;
 The brilliant waters are returned
 To that dimmed eye of blue.
 This desert now shall be my home,
 A happy home for me,
 Since God still smiles, and I am blest,
 My lovely boy, with thee.
 Thy heritage the wilderness,
 Thy mother's heart thy throne,
 Thy kingdom is begun, my child,
 And here thou'rt lord alone.'—pp. 127—129.

These Lyrics are followed by 'A Dream,' in blank verse; Caradoc, a Narrative Poem, in Three Cantos; and Miscellaneous Poems selected from the Author's earlier productions. Considering the circumstances under which these poems have been composed, we cannot but concur in Dr. Southey's judgment passed upon one of the Author's former publications: 'What Mr. Ragg has accomplished is surprising; an age ago, it would have been thought wonderful.'

An intimation in the Preface leads us to blame ourselves for having delayed to recommend the present volume to the notice of our readers. 'Pecuniary straits, brought on by a long train of afflictions, have been one great inducement for issuing these smaller productions.' Nottingham surely will not suffer her noble mechanic to struggle unaided with the inevitable results of domestic calamity. We shall rejoice to find that this volume has obtained for Mr. Ragg the support and aid to which the use he has made of his talents so justly entitles him.

Art. IV. 1. *Ernest Maltravers.* By the Author of *Pelham*, &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

2. *Alice; or the Mysteries.* By the same Author. 3 vols. London: 1838.

OUR admiration of Mr. Bulwer, as a man of genius, is well known; but the reader may rest assured that it exists without any compromise, on our part, of those principles which have, as we believe, the Scriptures of truth for their foundation. We shall deal with the double novel before us, as those who must give an account: using our best endeavours to place the story in substance before us; and then offering some few remarks, with an eye both to the guidance of public opinion, and the private edification of the gifted author. Doctor Johnson describes true

criticism as the beauty of thought formed on the workings of the human heart; a definition, which we always desire to bear in mind, throughout our lucubrations.

The work opens with a graphic representation of what may be witnessed near Bradford or Wolverhampton;—a blasted common, upon which heaps of ashes and rubbish have extinguished every vestige of the picturesque. A cut-throat, hardened in villany, named Luke Darvil, is then introduced long after night-fall, as counting a handful of ill-gotten gains, and cursing his daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen. This is Alice,—a character cast in the highest style of originality, although professed to be drawn from actual life; about as much so perhaps as the *Bride of Lammermoor*, by Sir Walter Scott. A loud knock at the door of their rude hovel announces an applicant, who has lost his way :

‘The new comer was in the first bloom of youth, eighteen years of age; and his air and appearance surprised both sire and daughter. Alone on foot, at such an hour, it was impossible for any one to mistake him for other than a gentleman; yet his dress was plain, and somewhat soiled by dust, and he carried a small knapsack on his shoulder. As he entered, he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity, and a profusion of fair brown hair fell partially over a high and commanding forehead. His features were handsome, without being eminently so, and his aspect at once bold and prepossessing.’

—Vol. I., pp. 9, 10.

This is Ernest Maltravers, the hero of six, or at least three volumes, himself full of sentiment and mysticism, on his return from the University of Gottingen to his friends in a Northern county. Favoured with the choicest gifts of fortune, he is drawn by our author with extraordinary care, as well as candour; and, notwithstanding protestations to the contrary, we are persuaded that nine persons out of ten will persist in imagining, that whether conscious of doing so, or otherwise, Mr. Bulwer has blended not a little autobiography in the outlines of his composition. Be the fact as it may, the stranger offers half a guinea to be conducted to the nearest town; but in ascertaining the hour, produces a gold watch, which excites the cupidity of Luke Darvil, by whom he is invited to stay under his roof, until day-break shall render the prosecution of a walk more tolerable. The personal charms of Alice, flashing upon the gaze of Maltravers, go far towards supporting such a proposal. Yet, if the bait seem attractive, the peril is imminent. Darvil plots with one John Walters the murder and robbery of his guest; whose escape is like that of Musselmen over their causeway into Paradise,—not wider than the edge of a razor. Alice has conceived an affection for Maltravers, as disinterested as that of the virtuous portion of her sex always is; and she resolves upon his enlargement. The

ferocious ruffian, before Ernest came, had been in the act of proposing to her a course of prostitution, in the wages of which he was largely to participate ; yet strange to say, an incrustation of ignorance, almost amounting to fatuity, had hitherto preserved her mind as well as person from defilement, as the rough and unsightly chrysalis protects the future butterfly. She goes to her parent, and appeals to his fears, on behalf of Maltravers ; and when satisfied that her appeal had failed, the poor girl, by filching the key of an outer door which Luke had locked, enables the captive to escape at the risk of her life, and the moral certainty of immediate ill usage. A blow from Darvil fells her to the ground ; but early next morning, her own flight ensues, and we find her accidentally overtaking Maltravers, without a plan, and apparently without an idea.

His conduct towards her, as his preserver, seems not unnatural. He appears before us as a wild, enthusiastic, odd being, just launched upon the world, with a full purse, rich expectations, and a poetical temperament. Strangeness and eccentricity are the most charming affairs to him imaginable. Without intending any harm, he thought that he would take this lovely girl to live with him as a pupil, not as a mistress. She possessed neither friends nor a home, which could be a real asylum. Her darkness of understanding is such, that she is unconscious of the existence of a God. Her simplicity is such, that the first proposal of waiting upon him comes from herself ;—and the very singularity of the arrangement enchants his fantastic philosophy. He would fain educate her therefore,—write fair and heavenly characters upon so blank a page,—and act the Saint Preux to another Julie of Nature ! A cottage is accordingly taken, with an old woman to wait upon them ; Alice is to be also a nominal servant : with the assistance of a schoolmaster, he teaches her to read, write, and say her prayers : Ernest conceals his real name, and adopts that of Butler : her mind rapidly developes, the faster perhaps from the frost of penury having kept it hitherto in torpor : she advances in her acquirements like a locomotive on a railroad, or a lark ascending in the sky : extraordinary musical powers are called forth through the skill of her instructor ;—but the catastrophe, though delayed, is exactly what might be expected. Passion laughs platonism to scorn ; and how should it be otherwise ? She learns to copy out the poetry of her patron ; and meanwhile they live in sin,—as the mass of gay society lives, in the very arms of the wicked one ; until a stray newspaper, having communicated to Ernest the dying circumstances of his father, dissolves the talisman of his guilty pleasure, and summons him to that grand test of its worthlessness—a death-bed !

During his absence, Alice, left through thoughtlessness without the means of direct communication with Maltravers, is carried off

by her atrocious parent, Luke Darvil; who, having entered the cottage with intentions of robbery, thus discovers his child, and hurries her away into Ireland. Alas, for poor Alice! When she recovers her senses, the dawn breaks slowly among desolate and heath-covered hills. She has exchanged her bed of down for one of rough straw: the light tilted cart, containing her, jolts over the ruts of a precipitous lonely road; and by her side scowls the face of her dreadful keeper. A protracted journey to the sea-coast conveys her hopelessly from her paramour. Some remarks are here adventured by the novelist on what is called female morality. Alice, he thinks, might have been moulded into criminal pursuits, at the suggestion of the monster who begat her, before she knew Maltravers; but from that hour, he adds, 'her very error made her virtuous;—she had comprehended, the moment she loved, what was meant by the honour of women; and by a sudden revelation, she had purchased modesty, delicacy of thought, and soul, by that sacrifice of herself!' Our opinion is, that such a view of the case must ever be as dangerous, as it is altogether unfounded. *When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.* It is a much more accurate observation, which also meets us in the second volume, that though 'man loves the sex, woman loves only the individual; and that the more she loves him, the more cold she is to the species:' yet, even this is only true on the right side of virtue. An exception may possibly occur here or there; but with a rarity demonstrating the soundness of the inspired proposition. We would be amongst the last to utter a harsh word against the weaker, yet indisputably the better portion of our race; only sin must not be allowed to conceal its hideousness under a mistaken speciousness of sentimentalism. Its form and language may be those of an angel: its righteous wages are the worm that never dieth,—the fire that never shall be quenched. Alice is to be plucked as a brand from the burning,—and we rejoice at it: but it is truth, and not error,—a return to the right way, and not a deviation from it,—which brings her in ultimate safety through her mysterious ordeal. On again escaping from paternal durance, she feels that she is about to become a mother. In a lowly shed, the bitter pangs of child-birth present her with a girl, which with many a weary step, and through hunger, thirst, and cold, she drags to the cottage, where she had sported her short sunshine with Maltravers. It has passed into the hands of strangers; and she is driven from the door.

Ernest in the meantime loses his father; and about three weeks after the night in which Darvil decamped with his daughter, having hastened in a post-chaise to the spot, he discovers his first love gone. He too begins now to reap the harvest of cor-

ruption; for she had completely captivated the flower of his affections; and these being trampled and crushed under foot, the world within him withers, like a garden blighted into a desert. No stone is left unturned to ascertain whither Alice may have flown. It is in vain that he lingers weeks and months in the neighbourhood. All that was evident every one could tell him;—that the house had been robbed,—that the old woman was fastened by her garters to the bed-post,—that a man of notorious character, named Luke Darvil had absconded, though he was declared to have known better days,—that some trace of cart-wheels from his hovel gave a faint clue to pursuit; and that after an interval of active search, persons answering to the description of the suspected burglars, with a young female in their company, were tracked to a small inn by the sea-side famous for smugglers. Time rolls on, and no further tidings can be obtained. He is forced to leave a vicinity at once so saddened and so endeared. His guardian, on whom the charge of his education and property devolves, has sent for him again and again. We might extract the portrait of this gentleman, the Honourable Frederick Cleveland, did space permit; but it is out of the question. At length the melancholy Maltravers feels compelled to obey; and presents himself at Temple Grove. Our Author here finely reminds us that,

‘Nine times out of ten, it is over the Bridge of Sighs we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and we find ourselves new beings. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone. Maltravers was yet on the Bridge; and for a time both mind and body were enfeebled. Cleveland had the sagacity to discern that the affections had their share in the change which he grieved to witness.’—*ib.*, p. 135.

The health of his ward, however, got more and more impaired; and Mr. Bulwer tells us that ‘out of the benign and simple elements of the Scripture, he conjured up for himself a fanaticism ‘quite as gloomy and intense as that of illiterate enthusiasts.’ In order to cure him of methodism, his guardian sends for a companion,—Lumley Ferrers, a young gentleman of twenty-six, with a genteel independence of eight hundred a year, a powerful and most acute mind, great animation of manner, high physical spirits, a witty racy vein of conversation, determined assurance, and profound confidence in his own resources. At once sarcastic and argumentative, he usually obtained unbounded influence over those with whom he was brought into contact. His leading vices were a total absence of feeling, and an utter insensibility to

moral principles. The object which Cleveland has in view is so far attained, that Maltravers submits to argue about religion with his new comrade; and what is better still, 'he one night stole 'softly to his own room and opened the New Testament, and 'read its heavenly moralities with purged eyes; and when he 'had done, he fell upon his knees, and prayed the Almighty to 'pardon his ungrateful heart, which worse than the Atheists, had 'confessed his existence, but denied his goodness. And the sleep 'of Ernest Maltravers that night was deep and sweet, and his 'dreams were cheerful; and he woke the next morning reconciled 'with God and man.' Thus loose and preposterous are the notions which even wise men, and men of genius, entertain upon a subject beyond all others momentous and important. Our novelist, no doubt, imagined that in the few pathetic lines just quoted, is presented a most attractive and correct delineation of real religion. Upon his own showing, however, the altered faith of his hero proves lighter than the dust of the balance, when weighed against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Maltravers and Ferrers agree to travel together through Greece, Egypt, and the East; and upon setting their faces once more towards Europe, we encounter the former in the midst of Neapolitan society, as an admirer of a certain Madame de St. Ventadour. All connected with this lady appears to us the dullest part of the whole double work; nor do we perceive the direct bearing which she has upon the *denouement* of the story. Women of fashion, even when rather sensible, can be spared from the business of human life, not less easily than their parrots, lap-dogs, cats, fans, and old china. Indirectly, it is true, she contributes to give Ernest Maltravers an impulse from what is wrong to what is right. He has backslidden since he left England. The world, and its ways have indurated the surface of his inner man; and although at bottom, its springs are described as still fresh and living, he drifts forward without useful or satisfactory pursuits, and wastes the fair fund of his faculties and sentiments. He is less elevated and more selfish; as must infallibly be the case, wherever that fear of the Lord, which is the sum of wisdom, fails to be the governing and pervading principle. From Naples we accompany him to Como, where, on the banks of its celebrated lake, M. and Mad. de Montaigne have a delightful villa; at which, *a la mode Italienne*, Ernest forms an intimacy, not only with its intelligent possessors, but with a brother of the lady, Signor Castruccio Cæsarini. This last individual is a second-rate poet, devoured by his own vanity,—a perfect Heautontimorémenos;—until he literally goes mad through a fruitless thirst after fame; as cruel a syren as ever allured mortals to destruction. His history grows pregnant with solemn warnings, long before the catastrophe arrives; and throughout he moves to and fro, like a

condemned soul darkening into a demon, and wandering among dry places, seeking rest, but finding none. The illness of Cleveland calls Maltravers to England late in the autumn. He figures in London,—rusticates in his own country seat at Burleigh, of which there are several excellent descriptions,—turns author, and puts in successfully for literary immortality,—again falls in with Madame de St. Ventadour,—and is in the very act of kissing her hand passionately, at an inn where they had been driven for shelter by the rain, when Alice, arriving at the same house, and catching a glimpse of him, enters the apartment, fully persuaded that he was alone :

‘She had entered with her heart upon her lips; love, sanguine, hopeful, love in every vein, and every thought:—she had entered, dreaming that across that threshold, life would dawn upon her afresh,—that all would be once more as it had been, when the common air was rapture. Thus she entered; and now she stood spell-bound, terror-stricken, pale as death,—life turned to stone, youth, hope, bliss, were for ever over to her. Ernest kneeling to another, was all she saw! For this had she been faithful and true, amidst storm and desolation; for this, had she hoped—dreamed—lived. They did not note her; she was unseen—unheard. And Ernest, who would after all have gone barefoot to the end of the earth to find her, was in the very room with her, and knew it not.’—Vol. II., pp. 196, 197.

The fact is, that Maltravers and the Frenchwoman were only vowing eternal friendship, *not love*, to each other, after the most approved fashion of romancers, fine gentlemen, and ladies. Alice knows nothing of these vain forms and empty sounds. She believes in her mind what she sees with her eyes, and hears with her ears: and so she turns noiselessly away; for humble as her heart might be, there was no meanness in it. This moment proves the crisis of years, as will be seen in the sequel.

Her adventures have been hitherto not less wonderful than affecting. When driven from the door of that cottage, where she had lived in sinful pleasure, vagrancy without any other goal than death at the end of it, appears to be her appointed portion. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. A Mrs. Leslie spreads over the wanderer, and her offspring, a wing of protection; and getting gradually interested in their history, she sets up Alice as a teacher of singing and music, in a cathedral town, sufficiently far off to keep down the curtain of secrecy over her aberrations and misfortunes. It happens that the magnate of this place is a Mr. Templeton,—a retired banker, very opulent, and formerly its representative in parliament. He is a Dissenter; and maternal uncle to Lumley Ferrers. His influence still remains paramount in the borough; so that in the days of Gatton and Old Sarum, he could always return one or even two mem-

bers. He is portrayed as a sanctimonious, prudent, and ambitious man, with a most fair exterior, yet carrying the seeds of every vice within, unfolded exactly up to that point, where if matters should proceed further, the mask of hypocrisy must necessarily be thrust aside. His professions in religion and politics are so nicely adjusted, that saint and sinner, charity and mammon, sensualism and decorum, government and opposition, tories, whigs, and sectaries, have all sufficient pretences to claim him for their own. He longs to be a widower, that he may be rid of his present wife without a crime; and he sighs for a peerage, that the obscurity of his origin may be forgotten. There are hopes of his ultimately wearing a coronet; for his stirring nephew, Lumley Ferrers, has another set of relations, on the paternal side of his pedigree, one of them an Earl of Saxingham, father of the rich and beautiful heiress Florence Lascelles, and himself holding an office in the cabinet. Mr. Templeton is the idol of his neighbourhood, just at the very juncture of Mrs. Leslie's patronage being extended to Alice; and there is a curious interview between the several parties, at which the benevolent lady endeavours to interest the banker on behalf of the pretty vagrant. Such a recommendation does something with Mr. Templeton; the blue eyes and lovely complexion of Alice do a great deal more; and a private affair of his own, the nature of which does not for a long interval transpire, effects most. Templeton, in fact, takes up Alice from motives more sensual than pure, yet, as it appears in the end, more secular than sensual. His partner, by her timely decease, releases him from those matrimonial fetters of which he is weary. Alice about the same time is molested by an unexpected visit from Luke Darvil, whom Templeton gets rid of, by promising to transmit him an annuity from the earnings of his daughter; although no actual payment becomes necessary, since certain officers of justice having fallen upon the highwayman as an old offender, he dies by a pistol-shot in his desperate efforts to escape their hands. Templeton, relieved by such an event, pays secret addresses to Alice; scoffs at the whispers of scandal already rife in his vicinity; and after encountering more than one mortifying refusal, succeeds in leading her to the altar, not long subsequently to that glimpse she had obtained of Ernest Maltravers laying his heart, as she imagined, at the feet of Madame de St. Ventadour. Thus raised in her circumstances far above depression and dependence, her beauty flourishes into its maturity. Mr. Templeton removes to a villa near London; where the exquisite attractiveness of a little girl, passing under the description of Alice's by a former marriage, extorts universal admiration.

We must now glance at some of the other personages of the drama. Maltravers is rising in the firmament of literature; and acquiring an European reputation. Cæsarini has also published

a volume of poems, which fails; yet he is in London himself, caressed by the great as a sort of literary lion, likely to last one season at least. His manners, costume, letters of introduction, and the disinterested kindness of Ernest, which the Italian repays with truly national ingratitude, open to him every saloon and assembly at the West End. Fine society completes the ruin of whatsoever might once have been sound and manly in his intellect. Envy, malice, pride, and wounded vanity, flock to his bosom, as vultures to a decomposing carcase. His fortune, originally more than sufficient for a foreigner in any land but Great Britain, or any city but its mammoth-metropolis, falls into a rapid decline; which the poor fool accelerates by buying horses, presenting jewels, making love to marchionesses, and gambling at the club houses. Lumley Ferrers forms the closest intimacy with him, partly from the coolness in both towards Maltravers, produced by several causes; and partly from superior discernment enabling him to foresee the consequences to Cæsarini of his present courses. These last, he thought, would soon render him a convenient instrument for promoting sundry purposes of his own, fraught with perfidy and wickedness. Primarily he is trying to worm himself into the good graces of his uncle Templeton, with a view to inherit his property; whilst he also carefully cultivates his intercourse with Lord Saxingham, as well to maintain his individual importance, as to secure another string to his bow, for rising in the world. The lineaments of his entire character are traced with all the breadth and tone of Corregio, as they blacken into the depth of moral obliquity. We see how mere selfishness, apart from sensual vices, may conduct a man not only across the Acheron of ordinary iniquity, but into the lowest abysses of Tartarus. His eyes and avarice, as the story proceeds, are now gloating over the possibility of marrying the opulent daughter of his noble relative. Her attractions have reached their meridian. The beau-monde moves after the lady Florence Lascelles, whose beauty might serve painters as a model for Semiramis or Zenobia; more majestic perhaps it may seem to some, than becomes her years; and so classically faultless, as to have a touch of the statue in its composition. Yet, while flattering crowds murmur unbounded applauses, her own selection is fixed,—and that too upon Ernest Maltravers.

His fame seems first to have won her admiration, which frequent intercourse with him warmed into softer sentiments. She addresses to him a series of anonymous papers, replete with talent and pathos, urging him to spend and be spent in the service of his day and generation. Her delicacy of mind, however, appears unharmed amidst trials so fiery and searching; except, that with thoroughly aristocratic cruelty, she suffers Cæsarini to fancy that he may presume to make her an offer; nor does she quite turn a

deaf ear to the coaxing attentions of her cousin Lumley Ferrers. Moral rectitude itself gets entangled and perplexed, amidst a privileged circle, carved out of the universe of society, and considered by its exclusive inhabitants as the only known world. Florence Lascelles finally receives a direct proposal from the object of her preference ; and he becomes her accepted suitor, with the reluctant consent of Lord Saxingham. Just as so prosperous a settlement awaits him, Ferrers and Cæsarini resolve, that though they may neither of them gain the prize, no other shall actually enjoy it. The former of these infernals is the real fiend—the tempter : the latter is little more than a tool. Ferrers has got into parliament : where, if he has done no public good, he has assisted by venal votes to obtain for his uncle the coveted peerage, on condition that, if there should be no lineal heir, it should devolve upon himself with a suitable estate. Succeeding thus far, with political prospects also opening before him, his grasp of desire waxes greater as he ascends. Finding how affairs go on with regard to Florence, he remembers that Cæsarini had once received a letter from Ernest in relation to that lady, wherein he was warned, although guardedly and respectfully, against her culpable coquetry, in beguiling him into hopes which could never be realized. This friendly and admonitory epistle, written it should be stated in reply to an application for advice in the matter on the part of Castruccio himself, Ferrers induces Cæsarini to alter, both as to date and a few very important monosyllables, so as that it is made to express an opinion of Maltravers respecting Florence, which must wound her mind to the quick, and lead her to pronounce him a traitor ! It is conveyed to her with unparalleled subtlety and success. No abridgment can convey an idea of the skill and power with which the harrowing picture is wrought up. The sorcery by which the proud Beauty has been deceived ; her furious dismissal of her lover ; the towering haughtiness with which he quits her presence ; the splendid fabric of happiness dashed into atoms ; the fruitless attempts at its reconstruction, when the forgery is discovered, which of course occurs too late ; the broken heart of poor Florence, stricken to the death with sorrow ; her last hours harassed between fears and weakness, full of agitation, yet mingled with submission ;—all this could have been painted by none with a more masterly hand. The remorse also of Cæsarini, as contrasted with the flinty callousness of his accomplice, relieves while it varies the group of pathetic circumstances gliding in upon the sensitive sympathies, like spectre after spectre. Wrung with intense agony, and yet feeling bound to respect that honour which is said to exist amongst villains, he writes and confesses, not merely his own share in the fatal treason, but assumes, with the romance of scoundrelism, the entire forgery to himself ! He has indeed,

from the strange influence of Ferrers over him, sworn to do so ; and he keeps his vow as long as he keeps his senses. Meanwhile death lingers not for the loveliest or the lowliest ; although in virtuous minds, says Mr. Bulwer, ' the illness of the body ' usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, ' which health never knows : and God has mercifully ordained it, ' as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline ' into the grave the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our ' feet ; and every day, as the films of clay are removed from our ' eyes, dissolution loses its false aspect, and we fall at last into its ' arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.' Vol. III. p. 244.

These are pretty sentiments for lack-a-daisical young ladies to read upon a sunny hill-side, upon a summer's day ; but they are grievously calculated to mislead. We would fain hope however, from better things which occur afterwards, that they are the careless expressions of one whose eyes are indeed opening, but who as yet only perceives men like trees walking. Spiritual and vital religion will achieve a victory over the grave in the manner Bulwer has described ; but as to the ' philosophy of the soul,' apart from conversion of heart, repentance towards God, and faith in the Redeemer, it is worse than trifling to imagine it worth the waving of a rush in the hour of death, or the day of judgment. And these things, be it remembered, are the momentous realities of the matter. *Man dieth, and wasteth away ; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?* Who can answer that question, but the gospel of Jesus ? and who weigh the horror of it, if it be *not* answered ? The mint of Gehenna issues millions upon millions of false coinage ; and the term Philosophy passes but too well as a counterfeit for Religion. Our author elsewhere observes, that there are times, ' when the ' arrow quivers within us,—in which all space seems to be confined. Like the wounded hart, we could fly on for ever : there ' is a vague desire of escape, a yearning almost insane to get out ' from ourselves : the soul struggles to flee away, and take the ' wings of the morning ?' It is indeed often so ; but the felicity of the true state of the case is, that there is a city of refuge,—that there is a balm in Gilead ; but the entrance to the one is through the Garden of Gethsemane ; the tree that bears the other is the cross of Calvary !

But to return to our narrative. Templeton, Lord Vargrave, is surprised by an apoplexy into eternity ; secrets curious and sombre are consigned to Lumley Ferrers, who becomes the new peer, with no more than fifteen hundred pounds per annum ; though with the prospect of marrying, if the young lady on attaining her majority shall consent, the fair Evelyn Cameron,—the same who has passed under the description of Alice's daughter

by a former husband. The fortune bequeathed Evelyn is two hundred thousand pounds. Meanwhile the fondly-cherished and high-born Florence Lascelles has paid the debt of nature ; and Maltravers, challenged to revenge by the Italian, goes forth to seek it, attended by a Colonel Danvers as second, according to the laws of honour, and of him who was a murderer from the beginning ! They proceed to the lodgings of Cæsarini in a mean part of the town ; and what follows must be told by an abler pen than ours :

‘ Colonel Danvers came back to the door of the carriage in a few minutes. ‘ Let us go home, Maltravers,’ said he, ‘ this man is not in a state to meet you.’ ‘ Ha !’ cried Maltravers, frowning darkly, and all his long smothered indignation rushing like fire through every vein of his body, ‘ would he shrink from the atonement.’ He pushed Danvers impatiently aside, leapt from the carriage, and rushed up stairs. Danvers followed. Heated, wrought up, furious, Ernest Maltravers rushed into a small and squalid chamber ; from the closed doors of which, through many chinks, had gleamed the light that told him Cæsarini was within. And Cæsarini’s eyes, blazing with horrible fire, were the first objects that met his gaze. Maltravers stood still, as if frozen into stone.

‘ ‘ Ha ! ha !’ laughed a shrill and shrieking voice, which contrasted dreadfully with the accents of the soft Tuscan, in which the wild words were strung—‘ Who comes here with garments rolled in blood ? You cannot accuse me, for my blow drew no blood ; it went straight to the heart ; it tore no flesh by the way. We Italians poison our victims ! Where art thou, where art thou, Maltravers, I am ready ? Coward, you do not come ! Oh ! yes, yes, here you are ;—the pistols. I will not fight so. I am a wild beast. Let us rend each other with our teeth and talons.’

‘ Huddled up, like a heap of confused and jointless limbs, in the farthest corner of the room, lay the wretch, a raving maniac ;—two men keeping their firm gripe on him, which ever and anon, with the mighty strength of madness, he shook off, to fall back senseless and exhausted ; his strained and bloodshot eyes starting from their sockets, the slaver gathering round his lips, his raven hair standing on end, his delicate and symmetrical features distorted into a hideous and gorgon aspect. It was indeed an appalling and sublime spectacle, full of an awful moral, that meeting of the foes ! Here stood Maltravers, strong beyond the common strength of men, in health, power, conscious superiority, premeditated vengeance—wise, gifted ; all his faculties ripe, developed, at his command ; the complete and all armed man, prepared for offence and defence against every foe—a man who, once roused in a righteous quarrel, would not have quailed before an army ; and there and thus was his dark and fierce purpose dashed from his soul ! He felt the nothingness of man, and man’s wrath, in the presence of the madman on whose head the thunderbolts of a greater curse than human anger ever breathes, had fallen. In his horrible affliction, the criminal triumphed over the avenger ! . . . When, some minutes afterwards,

the doctor, who had been sent for, arrived, the head of the stricken patient lay on the lap of his adversary ; and it was the hand of Maltravers that wiped the froth from his white lips, and the voice of Maltravers that strove to soothe, and the tears of Maltravers, that were falling on that fiery brow.' Vol. III. pp. 301—305.

Thus terminates the first portion of the works now before us, with what, as Mr. Bulwer says, though rare in novels is common in human life,—the affliction of the good, and the triumph of the wicked. Lumley Ferrers, having made his maiden speech in the House of Lords, is rewarded with a place under government. His plan of thwarting Maltravers, as to Florence Lascelles, has also produced results horribly delightful to revenge. Ernest withdraws from the kingdom, an exile in the zenith of his career.

Alice or the Mysteries, will furnish us with the sequel. It is addressed indeed to the many who complained of the incompleteness, as well as to the few who questioned the moral, of *Ernest Maltravers*. The first chapter presents us with the heroine, now widow of the late Lord Vargrave, settled with Evelyn Cameron in a delightful cottage on the Devonshire coast. Mrs. Leslie, a venerable septuagenarian, and not ashamed of her years, is on a visit to her former protégée. Their conversation turns, amongst other things, on the literary productions of Maltravers, as an author whom every one reads, and whom Alice herself never perused without being deeply affected ; since there always seemed something in his pages reminding her of a voice in earlier days, the same which had first let in knowledge upon her mind, which had first taught her music, the voice of one whom she had herself preserved from being murdered, of one who had enchained and rivetted her fondest affections, of one for whom she had suffered so much, and respecting whom she still mysteriously felt as though they should yet meet again. The clergyman of the village where they reside, fulfils the duties of an affectionate tutor towards Evelyn. His name is Aubrey ; and he will delight every right-minded reader. Dropt like a pure pearl into the lap of retirement, he may remind us, as to his conduct and demeanour, of the well known picture in poetry by Goldsmith. Yet there is no approach to servility in the imitation ; for the mellow colouring thrown over the practical uprightness and pastoral character of this incomparable curate, is an autumnal sunshine, from the heart of an artist, shed upon a favourite study. Mrs. Leslie has a daughter married to Mr. Merton, a clerical magistrate, the rounded, respectable, and yet secular rector of an immense family benefice ; and Mrs. Merton, calling with her daughter Caroline for her mother upon their road from Cornwall, carries Evelyn also away with her, that her first peep

of human life may be taken under safe as well as favourable auspices. It further falls out, that Burleigh, the country-seat of Maltravers, lies not far from the residence of the Mertons; and the owner is induced by accident to return thither from the continent, during the stay which Evelyn makes in the neighbourhood. The presence of a beautiful heiress, already given out as engaged to a peer of the realm, produces an earthquake amongst the surrounding squirearchy; the effect of which is augmented by the sudden reappearance, in their midst, of so notable a person as Maltravers. The last, if come back for any intelligible purpose at all, has serious thoughts of selling his fine estate, preparatory to an ultimate and total abandonment of his native land.

‘ This was the state of Ernest Maltravers at the age of thirty-six ; an age in which frame and mind are in the fullest perfection ; an age in which men begin most keenly to feel that they are citizens. With all his energies braced and strengthened, with his mind stored with the profusest gifts, in the vigour of a constitution to which a hardy life had imparted a second and fresher youth ; so trained by stern experience as to redeem, with an easy effort, all the deficiencies and faults which had once resulted from too sensitive an imagination, and too high a standard for human actions ; formed to render to his race the most brilliant and durable services, and to secure to himself the happiness that results from sobered fancy, an upright heart, and an approving conscience ;—here was Ernest Maltravers, backed too by the appliances and gifts of birth and fortune, perversely shutting up genius, life, and soul, in their own thorny leaves—soured by looking only on the dark side of nature, as once he had been blinded by looking only on the bright ; and refusing to serve the fools and rascals that were formed from the same clay, and gifted by the same God. Morbid and morose philosophy, begotten by a proud spirit upon a lonely heart.’

Alice. Vol. I. pp. 176, 177.

By degrees the hospitable and burly rector allures Ernest to his house and table, believing that he would make a good match for his daughter Caroline ; overlooking, as worldly-minded sages often do, the greater probability in a lesser ; and forgetting that it was much more likely Evelyn should attract him, unless he was informed that she was an affianced lady to Lord Vargrave. Information so necessary does not in fact reach him, although all else know it, until his affections have got thoroughly entangled. Evelyn, before her arrival at Merton Rectory, possessed, however, no other sentiments than those of repulsion towards Lord Vargrave, the individual marked out for her by the late peer ; and this not from perverseness on her part, but instinctive abhorrence for his hollowness and worthlessness of character. Hence Maltravers easily steps in, before he is aware of it, between herself and his old rival. His new feelings towards Evelyn, of whose

origin he could never dream, produce the wholesome effects of breaking down his self-insulation, and awakening his interest for his fellow-creatures. He improves his estate, becomes an active and benevolent neighbour, employs himself in mending the condition of his poorer tenantry and workmen; and when told of Lord Vargrave's presumed position with Evelyn, he abandons her at once to what he honourably considers a settled engagement. Yet Miss Cameron, on the other hand, feels that, notwithstanding the warmly expressed wishes of the uncle of Lumley Ferrers, she is at liberty to reject the latter, if she pleases, on coming of age, and forfeiting a moderate portion of her enormous fortune. She resolves to do this; especially after his lordship has unveiled himself during a recent visit paid at Merton Rectory, as a shrewd callous schemer, serpent-like in soul and spirit, and relying upon his craft and promptitude to make every spring conducive to the purposes of the machine SELF! Interminable plotting and counter-plotting now ensue, which it would be wearisome to unravel minutely. Suffice it to say, that Maltravers withdraws to Paris; that a certain Lord Doltimore, answering to his name, marries Caroline Merton, and goes thither also, together with Evelyn Cameron; that Lord Vargrave contrives to collect some particulars of his aunt in law's history; that after Evelyn had discarded him and accepted Ernest in his stead, the wily hypocrite comes down upon Maltravers with the thunder fraught assurance that Lady Vargrave is his long-lost Alice, and that he himself is therefore plighted to his own child; that the best plan of avoiding distressful explanations will be to accomplish the plan of old Templeton, and cover up the mystery under Vargrave's coronet; and that to all this Ernest as well as Evelyn at length yield their reluctant and melancholy consent.

Thus Vargrave seems to soar upon the pinions of his infamy, far above each successive difficulty. Politics sparkle before him with the prospect of office, emolument, and power: Hymen has his torch just lighted, with a cornucopia of matrimonial wealth ready to be showered upon the happy bridegroom. He plumes himself upon being the luckiest fellow alive, in despite of man, Satan, or the Almighty. In a single word, the prosperity of guilt has metamorphosed him into a worthy candidate for Tophet, exactly as the pit is ready to open its mouth upon him. For now starts up the miserable lunatic, whom Maltravers was to have destroyed in a duel. The friends of Cæsarini had placed him in an asylum near the French capital, where his hallucination had apparently lulled into mere wailings after personal liberty. Few pencils can paint madness; and we used to think that none could, beside those of Shakspeare and Crabbe; the latter in the single instance of Sir Eustace Grey: but justice to Mr. Bulwer compels us to enlarge the class of exceptions, so as at least to include

himself. We have afforded an illustration of this already, and know not how to withhold the following. De Montaigne, the brother in law to Castruccio, pays the unhappy patient a visit, with his medical attendant, at the asylum :

‘ Yet, when he rose to depart, Cæsarini started up, and fixing on him his large wistful eyes, exclaimed—‘ Ah ! do not leave me yet. It is so dreadful to be alone with the dead, and the worse than dead.’

‘ The Frenchman turned aside to wipe his eyes, and stifle the rising at his heart ; and again he sate, and again he sought to soothe. At length Cæsarini, seemingly more calm, gave him leave to depart. ‘ Go,’ said he, ‘ Go—tell my sister I am better, that I love her tenderly, that I shall live to tell her children not to be poets. Stay ; you asked if there was aught I wished changed—yes—this room ; it is too still : I hear my own pulse beat so loudly in the silence—it is horrible ! There is a room below, by the window of which there is a tree, and the winds rock its boughs to and fro, and it sighs and groans like a living thing : it will be pleasant to look at that tree, and see the birds come home to it,—yet that tree is wintry and blasted too !—it will be pleasant to hear it fret and chafe in the stormy nights ; it will be a friend to me, that old tree !—let me have that room. Nay, look not at each other—it is not so high as this—but the window is barred—I cannot escape !’ and Cæsarini smiled.’—Vol. III. pp. 47, 48.

But he does escape ; and roams for his prey like a tiger let loose from its lair ! Maltravers, in desperation at the downfall of one airy castle after another, buries himself in profound retirement at an inn sequestered from all other habitations, amidst the swamps and morasses that formerly surrounded the abode of Gil de Retz, the necromancer. It would be vain to describe his mental sufferings, in a seclusion at once so gloomy and so deep ; but taught by adversity a more excellent way than before, he daily, nightly, and hourly ‘ prays to the Great Comforter,’ to assist him in wrestling against a guilty passion. A letter from Lord Doltimore now inquires whether he is still disposed to part with Burleigh ? He determines forthwith to do so ; and to transmit to his agents in England the necessary instructions : but, in his sleep, that night, a dream appears to Maltravers :

‘ He thought he was alone in the old library at Burleigh, and gazing on the portrait of his mother ; as he so gazed, he fancied that a cold and awful tremor seized upon him—that he in vain endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from the canvass—his sight was chained there by an irresistible spell. Then it seemed to him that the portrait gradually changed ; the features the same, but the bloom vanished into a white and ghastly hue ; the colours of the dress faded, their fashion grew more large and flowing, but heavy and rigid, as if cut in stone—the robes of the grave. But on the face there was a soft and melancholy smile, that took from its livid aspect the natural horror : the

lips moved, and it seemed as if, without a sound, the released soul spoke to that which the earth yet owned.

‘Return,’ it said, ‘to thy native land, and thine own home. Leave not the last relic of her who bore and yet watches over thee, to stranger hands. Thy good angel shall meet thee at thy hearth.’

‘The voice ceased. With a violent effort Maltravers broke the spell that had forbidden his utterance. He called aloud, and the dream vanished: he was broad awake—his hair erect—the cold dew on his brow. The pallet, rather than bed on which he lay, was opposite to the window, and the wintry moonlight streamed wan, and pale, and spectral, into the cheerless room. But between himself and the light there seemed to stand a shape—a shadow; that into which the portrait had changed in his dream; that which had accosted and chilled his soul. He sprang forward—‘My mother! even in the grave canst thou bless thy wretched son. Oh! leave me not; say that thou—’ the delusion vanished, and Maltravers fell back insensible.’

Vol. III. pp. 169, 170.

This incident, easy to be accounted for by ordinary agencies, induces him so far to change his purpose, that he comes back to Burleigh in person, and proceeds in the arrangement of his plans.

An under-plot is now developed,—the wheel within the wheel, of all that may have been ‘puzzling in the story. Aubrey, the good clergyman, met in early life with the common lot of a disappointment in love. Eleanor Westbrook, a pretty woman in humble circumstances, won his heart, and then showed herself unworthy of it by jilting him for some golden calf, whose smart coat would wear, better she thought, than the threadbare gravity of a poor curate. The monied idler left her, after fifteen years, a widow with a small annuity and one child, named Mary. They happened to settle near Mr. Templeton, who in an evil hour betrayed the latter, and had by her a little girl, beyond comparison lovely; yet the source of anguish and alarm to its parents Sarah Miles, a confidential maid servant, witnessed a secret marriage between Templeton and his mistress, very soon, indeed, after the decease of his first wife. Mary, his second, also soon died; so that the fortunate banker found himself the second time a widower, and the father of an enchanting offset; the cloud over whose birth it became a grand object with him to conceal. He had writhed so deeply from the torture of an illicit connexion, that he determined to look out for a widow, to whom he might be lawfully married, and through whom he might, with no great difficulty, pass off his fair offspring, as her daughter by a former marriage. Alice Darvil crosses his path at a very critical juncture. He never loses sight of her; more, especially, when in the course of a few years she is called to bury her own child by Maltravers, in that church-yard of the village in Devonshire, where Aubrey offi-

ciated ; and to which Templeton had been at the expense of sending her, for the health of the young invalid, and the private purposes of himself. The grave, however, closing over the one, advanced the projects of the other. In his character of charitable patron and protector he now persuades Alice to change her name into that of Cameron,—to adopt his girl Evelyn by Mary Westbrook as her own,—and finally, to marry its father ! Sufficient care is taken all along by making proper removals, and selecting suitable localities, that no trace of the actual truth shall be left visible to vulgar curiosity. Hence, the reader must perceive, as we should judge to his unspeakable relief, that Evelyn Cameron is the daughter of Templeton, and not of Maltravers ; of Mary Westbrook and not of Alice Darvil. The secret remains for years buried in the breasts of the parties interested ; with the exception of one other person, Sarah Miles the maid servant. To remove her, the banker, now elevated into a peer, had united her with a handsome dowry to one William Elton, an adventurer setting out for America. On his dying there, Sarah returns to England, and is run over by Lumley Ferrers, whilst on a visit, as the selfish Lord Vargrave, at Merton Rectory. Maltravers had taken care of the poor woman ; who, having seen Evelyn Cameron in the neighbourhood, recognised her as the daughter of her former mistress,—and on her death-bed confesses, or rather confides the whole affair to Ernest just when he has arrived the third time at Burleigh, in consequence of the dream which we have extracted. It is also necessary to mention that Alice never consents to be called the wife of Templeton, until she has seen Maltravers, as she supposes, at the feet of another ; and that before she does so consent, she extorts an oath from the proud banker, that their nuptials shall be merely nominal. In one word, through fire and water, storm and sunshine, prosperity and adversity, she remains faithful,—strictly faithful, to her first love, Ernest Maltravers !

And now having made this felicitous discovery, he flies to her side for a brief moment : for circumstances immediately summon Ernest and Aubrey to the French capital. Vargrave, having added crime to crime, and succeeded in stratagem after stratagem, calculates that his marriage with Evelyn, besides disappointing his rival, will establish his triumph for life. Her fortune has become essential to him, since he has squandered his own ; and the prosperity of a certain political intrigue will be effected by his accession to that kind of opulence which adds importance to rank and talents. For this, therefore, he has ensnared the heiress of Templeton,—overreached Maltravers,—and heaped hypocrisy without shame upon wickedness without parallel. Ernest, however, meets the traitor on the very threshold of his success, with Aubrey, at Lady Doltimore's, in the presence of Evelyn.

'The sight of them explained all at once to Vargrave. He saw that the mask was torn from his face—the prize snatched from his grasp—his falsehood known—his plot counterworked—his villany baffled! He struggled in vain for self-possession and composure, all his resources of courage and craft seemed drained and exhausted. Livid, speechless, almost trembling, he cowered beneath the eyes of Maltravers.'—vol. iii. p. 257, 258.

A messenger interrupts the interview, with letters to his lordship, announcing the total failure of a bank, whereby the hoarded and coveted thousands of old Templeton are swallowed up. The news affords a ray of relief to the crest-fallen nobleman, whilst it just conducts us to the lowest lines of perfidy and meanness in his character. He bows to Miss Cameron—breaks the intelligence to her with the polished heartlessness of his order—and informs her, that her wealth having disappeared, he abandons the field to his antagonist! Previous, however, to any hostile rencontre with the latter, he drives to his hotel; and there opens with ravished eyes a flattering invitation from the premier to accept a seat in the cabinet. It has, moreover, attached to it a prospect of the governor-generalship of India within twelve-months; upon the simple condition of his taking such steps as involve the betrayal of his whole party, and branding himself for ever as a mercenary apostate. Objection, scruple, hesitation, vanish before temptations so utterly irresistible to a man like Lord Vargrave. He again swells into the braggart, and hastens to dare Maltravers face to face. The full extent of his obliquity, even as to Florence Lascelles, has now been revealed by Cæsarini in an interval of reason, to the astonished Ernest Maltravers; who has learnt, nevertheless, more wisdom than to imbrue his hands in the blood of vengeance. They come together for the last time, and separate in safety; although not without mutual reproaches. That night, the Italian, after delivering himself of the fearful secret which had greatly aggravated his malady, watches an opportunity, and gets access to the bed-chamber of his former accomplice. Vargrave is found dead, under his pillows, the next morning, with a face, locked, rigid, convulsed—and a discolouration on one side of his throat. The madman has destroyed him in the night, without a doubt,—throttling him in silence and darkness. He then closes the tragedy by throwing himself into the Seine. Evelyn, at last, is united to a Colonel Legard, whom amongst many others, she had seen and noticed at Merton rectory. Maltravers, of course, marries Alice; and *sic exeunt omnes*!

We cannot but think that these volumes will add greatly to the fame of their author. There is, indeed, as he intimates in the preface, an absence of those exciting scenes, which form the staple of modern romances: yet, for that very reason, his own

innate powers are more fully displayed. Without witches, spirits, magicians, conflagrations, and battles, attention is kept up in the main, from the commencement to the termination. The incidents of the story are, in fact, within the circle of possibility to an immense proportion of his readers. If the interest ever flags at all, it is from long conversations, which, however they may serve to explain the views of a writer on particular topics, are apt to make third persons yawn; for since they are obliged to listen with their eyes, instead of their ears, the agreeableness of oral communication necessarily merges in something like a sermon or an essay. The *contour* of *Maltravers* and the *Mysteries* is that of a novel blended with memoirs. There is more of that repose belonging to the latter, than the fiery and exaggerated features, so to speak, which are generally found in the former. Yet the pages teem with events, personages, and descriptions. Some of the last are brief; and not the less excellent. They are like clever etchings: a few strokes perform wonders. Lumley Ferrers is the most elaborate amongst the characters; promising little for a volume or two: but gradually condensing into the Achitophel of the canvass; a figure full of talent, and rendering anxiety about him, as we proceed, almost painful. Ernest, we fancy, has too aristocratic an air to please altogether: but the way in which his career ascends from selfishness to usefulness, thrown as it is into deep relief by the individualism of his rival, cannot fail to make its impression upon even an ordinary observer. The art of contrast, indeed, is well understood by Mr. Bulwer; as may be seen in Florence Lascelles and Evelyn Cameron, Merton and Aubrey, Templeton and Cleveland. If the conception of Cæsarini Castruccio be not quite original, its execution is most masterly throughout: and the richly stored mind of De Montaigne, at once elegant and practical, reflecting vivid images from science, politics, and ethics, flows ever and anon like the reach of some large river in a prospect, associated with utility and luxuriance, as well as beauty, clearness, and extension. No doubt, the numerous books and chapters might be abridged or curtailed, in a few instances, with considerable advantage; and, perhaps, they would have been so, were more time allowed by the omnivorous public to our men of genius, for meditating, as well as inditing their productions. It is, however, curious to observe, how every minute circumstance is ultimately brought to bear upon the principal design; several points of which are so skilfully concealed, until the proper moment for their revelation, that the citadel of criticism is surprised as it were by an ambuscade, in a manner we believe unparalleled, except in the great masterpiece of Fielding. Down to the middle of the sixth volume, who does not suppose that Evelyn Cameron is the real daughter of

Maltravers, and have the heart-ache accordingly ; if he be warmed with a spark of sympathy or imagination ?

There are also snatches of dialogue between certain confidential parties which strike upon the senses, as felicitously true to nature ; and at the same time, flavoured with the most Attic salt of wit. We have an illustration, in the sebaceous colloquy of the Rector of Merton and his lady ; as the former extinguishes his candle ; and having pillowed her worldliness and self-complacency upon a conjugal compliment, plunges into a deep slumber, fully satisfied that he has the wisest wife, and she, the happiest husband in the whole country. It fully comes up to a somewhat similar scene between Cuddie and his hen-pecking partner in 'Old Mortality.' Moreover, it is no more than bare justice to the ingenious author to remark, that his appreciation of the female sex must ensure the approval of posterity, and command the applause of his contemporaries. Here we think he nearly stands alone. The generous yet just sentiment of Simonides he has made his own ;

Γυναικος ουδε χρημ' ανηρ ληζεται
Εσθλης αμεινον !

Sir Walter Scott favours us once with a Jeannie Deans, and utters fine things occasionally about women : whilst we cannot help seeing that old ballads, ancient armour, sporting-dogs, and heraldic honours, held at least as high a rank in his code of chivalry. Bulwer, on the other hand, is loyal to the ladies, whether gentle or simple, from the core of his heart. The homage he pays them overflows from a sense honourably cherished of their worth and virtue. He estimates, with the liberality of an obliged party, the beneficial superiority of their invisible influence. He admires, like one who has experienced them, their fidelity through all changes ; their patience in all adversities ; their meekness, tact, courage, disinterestedness ; and, in one word, their power ; not of force, but of affection, which purifies while it persuades ; which elevates the mind, while it subdues the passions. We no longer wonder at his transatlantic popularity, in a country where whatever may be the disadvantages, artificiality is not one of them.

The most interesting circumstance, in these volumes, remains to be noticed. We are not able to get rid of an impression, in perusing them, that some change is going forward in the breast of their author, upon the momentous subject of religion. There is a perceptible improvement, as we advance, in his mode of expressing himself : the moral of *Ernest Maltravers*, taken by itself, is bad, but it is mended in *Alice* : and even with regard to the mottoes (which by the way rather encumber than adorn the

work), we greet with much pleasure, in the latter division of it, extracts from such writers as Young, Pascal, Cowper, and Montgomery. After all, however, he must not feel offended, when we say, that religion is a matter, upon which he has as yet almost every thing to learn. That the Holy Spirit may teach him aright, and lead him into all truth, is our sincere and earnest prayer.

The fact is, and we do not blush to own it, that it is an object very near our heart to see this gifted person on the road to real happiness here and hereafter. But the commencement in that narrow way must first be made ; and then we may hope for progress. Not only has he much to learn, but nearly every thing to unlearn. To illustrate what his religious views were during the composition of Ernest Maltravers, we will extract a passage or two, with no other object, he may be assured, than to point out gross errors in a friendly spirit. ‘Depend upon it,’ he makes De Montaigne say, ‘that the Almighty, who sums up all the good and ‘all the evil done by his creatures in a just balance, will not ‘judge the august benefactors of the world’ (philosophers for example), ‘with the same severity, as those drones of society, who ‘have no great services to show in the eternal ledger, as a set off ‘to the indulgence of their small vices.’—vol. i. p. 305. In the second volume, again, he describes the ‘only true philosophy,’ as being that which enables a man ‘from the height of a tranquil ‘and serene *self-esteem*,’ to feel the sunshine above him, when malignant clouds roll sullenly below. Affairs are not quite so bad, as we have already intimated in the second part : yet, still if our learned author will but listen an instant, these citations just comprise the sum and substance of that hallucination, which blinds the eyes of an individual approaching the precipice, until his foot is on air, and he gets wise a moment too late ! The ‘eternal ledger’ is a volume of unfathomable awfulness ; and its Almighty voice declares, amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai, ‘Whosoever ‘hath *sinned* against me, him will I blot out of my book !’ Exod. xxxii. 33. Now *all have sinned* ; there is none righteous ; *no, not one* ; he that breaketh *the least* of the commandments is *guilty of all* : compare Romans iii. 10—23 : James ii. 10 : and authorities might be multiplied to almost any extent. The fall of Adam has tainted his whole race, as the Bible, confirmed by the united evidence both of antiquity and daily matter of fact, declares with unanswerable plainness :—as see the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, *passim* :

Thus death by sin was born, while mercy gave
Her last assurance, that she longed to save ;
And as from earth each angel form declined,
The light of promise lingered still behind :

Just as a sun-set in the western skies
 Less fiercely glows, when day descending dies,
 And o'er some wreck the milder radiance falls
 Gilding the flowery but deserted walls,
 Till lovely though in ruin, seems the pile,
 The roofless nave—the arch—and silent aisle!

No mere debtor or creditor account can stand therefore between God and man: for, though we hear of our being judged according to our works, that judgment must, in all cases, be *condemnation*, except, where the blood of atonement has washed out the handwriting against us, it being nailed to the cross of Christ. We appeal to the Old and New Testaments for the accuracy of our views on this subject: and from their pages Mr. Bulwer will perceive, that 'the height of a serene and tranquil self-esteem,' is exactly one of those *high things* that must be *cast down*, as the apostle says, before the soul can be so properly humbled, as to feel its necessity, and fly to the proper quarter for a remedy. 2 Corinth. x. 5.

Prayerful investigation into the same inspired authorities will moreover bring before us another point equally opposed to anything like *self-esteem*; which is, that the unassisted intellect never will, whilst in a natural state, comprehend divine truth, or advance a single step from the prison-house wherein the soul is born, without the constant and preceding grace of the Holy Spirit of Jehovah. To adduce any fair amount of the scriptures supporting this statement, would protract our review into a homily. We must, therefore, once and again entreat all our readers, with the popular novelist amongst their number, to open and search the word of God, with the ancient injunction,

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

We are ready to stand or fall by the testimony of revelation; but by that alone. Yet should our author marvel at a conclusion so prostrating to every idea of human pride, we may refer to the thirty-third chapter or section of the *Phædon* in his favourite Plato, where confessions occur of an analogous nature, except, that the pagan, as might be expected, has ascribed to his vain philosophy, an influence which can alone belong to the Paraclete of man, the ever-living Spirit of the most High!

The more the matter is sifted, the more plainly will it appear, that to become truly wise, so as to 'survive the sun,' as Milton has it, in sempiternal blessedness, we must be converted, and made as little children. To operate this change, the omnipotent artificer is ever at hand, waiting to be gracious. There is the pathetic entreaty too of our Saviour himself: 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' as to which

Augustine and Archbishop Leighton have both justly said, that there is nothing nearly so sublime, or simple, or beautiful, in the whole range of the Greek and Latin classics. Clearing away then our vain imaginations, and bringing into captivity every thought unto the obedience of Christ, the heart will undergo a new creation; it will be transformed into a miniature of the vast ocean of truth, a reflection of the love of the Almighty! Mysteries, into which angels have desired to gaze, will throw their solemn shadows upon the understanding, in proportion to the calmness of the surface, produced by the depth of its humility. Uproar and storm, agitation and anxiety, will be hushed within the inner man, because peace has been proclaimed by the Son of God, purchased through his sacrifice and passion. The light of redemption will illuminate the profoundest waters, and shed a lustre even over the dark mountains of death, from the ineffable glory beyond them. But all this must be apprehended by that faith, which purifies the soul, and overcomes the world. The grand doctrine of substitution; the being accounted righteous through the righteousness of another; involving as it does entire and absolute self-renunciation; and conducting, as it must do, to the exhibition of practical holiness in thought, word, and deed; in other terms, a reception of the atonement, as a vital spiritual principle, in the fulness of its length, breadth, majesty, and power, must be to Mr. Bulwer, as well as to others, a savour of life unto life, or, *quod Deus avertat*, an aggravation of that doom which is reserved for the careless and the ungodly.

Art. V. *Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the Commencement of the Twelfth Century.* By HANNAH LAWRENCE. London: Moxon. 1838.

AMIDST the deluge of inanities which is daily poured forth by Honourable Mistresses and Lady Charlottes'—consisting chiefly of scenes of vice and folly, with something called by courtesy *a moral*, in the distance;—it is gratifying to find a work like that before us, from the perusal of which we can arise with the conviction, that our reason does not shame us for the satisfaction we have felt. Miss Lawrence appears by her taste and turn of mind to be well qualified for the task which she has undertaken. Her former work * is proof enough of the enthusiasm with which she enters on the study of the antiquities of her country.

* London in the Olden Time.

Her mind is cast
In antique mould of ages past ;

and had we been forewarned of her intention to appear again before the public, we think we could have prophesied of her *whereabout*.

We are glad that she has chosen for her subject the memoirs of our *female* sovereigns, who have hitherto been merged, or only mentioned incidentally, in the history of their lords;—many of them were extraordinary persons, who possessed great influence for good or evil over the hearts and heads of those around them; and a true and judicious history of their characters, dispositions, joys, and sufferings, may throw a collateral and subsidiary light on the characters of many of our kings, and the events of their respective reigns; which, coming from a new and unexpected quarter, might show them in a different—perhaps a truer—point of view, than any in which we have been accustomed to observe them.

History—authentic history—would be valuable indeed, if men would condescend to profit by the experience of others, instead of waiting for the bitter teaching of their own. That anxiety for the future which haunts the mind of man, and probably of man only of all the intelligent creation, has led him to attempt to satisfy his longings, by any means which his own hopes, or the cupidity of others, had taught him to rely on. Hence witchcraft, hence demonology, hence astrology,—a holier science, but as vain—have been called to his assistance. We have learned at length, that, since the voice of prophecy is dumb, the only way of judging of the future is, to study and apply the past. While the mind of man is constituted as it is, what has been will be, and there have been instances of statesmen wise and great, who by observing present times, and comparing them with the past, have predicted, almost to particulars, what has afterwards occurred. If no practical use is made of history, it is nothing to us,—a legend or romance, provided we believed it, would serve us just as well.

Of this the Author (we dislike the term *Authoress*) appears to be fully aware; and accordingly the scope of her work embraces not *only* the *biography* of the queens of England, but an account of the manners, laws, and literature of the country, with reflections and conclusions in general well digested, and correctly carried out, and with most of which we perfectly agree—though not with all.

Our limits will not allow of description; it is but fair, however, to give one instance in proof of our dissent. Speaking, in her introduction, of the view that is generally taken of the Norman Conquest, Miss Lawrance proceeds :

‘ Now, in this view it is forgotten, that Duke William received the crown by actual bequest of the weak and superstitious Confessor ; and, although the *immediate* heir was set aside, yet William, in point of *hereditary* right, had a secondary claim, while Harold had none whatever. The first Stuart held the crown by precisely the same right, the gift of his dying cousin ; and the third William ascended the throne, by the express recognition of the principle, that the nearest heir might be set aside, should the exigencies of the state require it.’

This right of the conqueror’s we conceive to be no right at all. The setting aside of the immediate heir, and the hereditary right of William, such as it was, have nothing to do with the case ;—the Saxon monarchy was *elective*, and there was neither heir nor right till sanctioned by the people. The cases of James the First, and of William the Third, are not in point ; in their days the monarchy was *hereditary*, and James was next of kin of the blood royal, and the greater number of the high nobility, and of the people, were in favour of his accession : and in the case of William the Third, it was not the king, but the people, who set aside the heir, and welcomed the Prince of Orange to the throne. The Confessor, a weak-minded man, was *said* by William himself, to have promised the crown to him ; but the Saxon monarch, on his death-bed, and in his last moments, amid speeches full of terror and superstition, and which seemed darkly prophetic of the miseries which were approaching, declared that the man most worthy to succeed to the vacant throne, was Harold, the son of Godwin ;* and the answer of the noble son of Godwin himself, to the messenger sent by William to claim the crown, was, according to the historians of the time, as follows : Harold admitted his engagement, (to procure the accession of William) but pleaded, that it had been extorted from him under bodily fear ; and added, that he had been compelled to renounce that royal dignity which was not then his own to bestow, *but belonged to the people of England*. The people bestowed it upon Harold, and *his* therefore we conceive the right to have been.

The Norman Conquest, like all great convulsions, overthrew much, and unsettled more ; its ultimate influence, however, on the institutions and happiness of the country, was certainly very beneficial ; and the period chosen for the commencement of these Memoirs, is precisely that, at which its *good* effects began to be developed.

Eight English queens, of more or less celebrity, are noticed in the work. To a brief account of four of these we must restrict our present observations, with a word or two in addition on

* Roger de Hoveden, p. 256.

the mother of the first—Margaret, the mother of the ‘Good Queen Maude.’

After the battle of Hastings, Edgar, ‘the noble child,’ as he is called in the Saxon Chronicle, too weak to enforce his claim to the crown, ‘departed with his mother Agatha, and his two sisters, ‘Margaret and Christina, and many good men with them, and ‘came to Scotland under the protection of Malcolm, who entertained them all. Then began Malcolm to yearn after the child’s ‘sister Margaret to wife; but he and all his men long refused, and ‘she also herself was averse, and said she would neither have him ‘nor any one else, if the Supreme Power would grant that she in ‘her maidenhood might please the mighty Lord in this short life ‘in pure continence. The king, however, earnestly urged her ‘brother till he answered, ‘Yea;’ and, indeed, he durst not ‘otherwise, for they were come into his kingdom.’ ‘And great ‘and important benefits did the Saxon princess confer alike on her ‘husband and her kingdom. She afforded a secure asylum for ‘those of her countrymen who fled the rigour of the Norman ‘yoke; she welcomed with magnificent presents learned men ‘from all parts of the continent; she introduced the Saxon tongue ‘into her dominions, and both by precept and example, promoted ‘the spread of religion; nor did she consider the civilization of ‘the people as beneath her care.’

At her decease she was canonized. On the death of Malcolm Canmore, Maude and her sister were sent to England, to be educated by their aunt Christina, superior of the Abbey of Romsey; and the education which the good queen received is supposed to have been such as rendered her no unworthy representative of her sainted mother. Henry Beauclerc appears to have selected this amiable princess for his wife, for the sole purpose of attaching his Saxon subjects to his government and person; and in this he seems to have succeeded. His heart had nothing to do with the arrangement; but he treated his consort with all respect and munificence, though he admitted her neither to his affection nor his confidence.

Her liberal patronage of literature and of the clergy, her active charity, her winning sweetness of disposition, her great attention to religious duties, which rendered her even in those days exemplary, and her long and patient exercise of all the passive virtues, procured for her the enviable appellation by which she is known to posterity, of the ‘Good Queen Maude.’

As there is nothing striking or prominent in her history, we quote for the information of the reader, a passage descriptive of the appearance of London in her time.

‘Nor did London herself present much to attract or delight the eye. The conventual establishments were few, the churches scanty, as com-

pared with later times ; nor did the tall spire, the traceried window, or the richly carved doorway, contrast in picturesque variety with the rude low houses around. The materials of the churches were mean, and perishable ; timber, or rubble, formed the walls, glass windows were but scantily seen ; and but one parochial church boasted the unusual splendour of *stone arches*. This was in St. Mary's in West Cheap, called from that circumstance, 'de arcubus,' a name retained to the present day, in its Norman designation 'Le Bow.'

'Nor did the noble river, at this period spanned only by one fragile wooden bridge, display that forest of masts, which have given to London her appropriate designation of the 'modern Tyre.' Beside the Tower, at the Vintry, and at Edreds'-hithe, a few small vessels might be anchored ; and from time to time some tall Norman galley, or some light osier-bound shallop, might glide by ; but the broad and spacious quays, with the palace-dwellings of their merchants, the stirring life, the busy crowds, the sounds of never-ceasing activity, as yet were not. At either end of the city, and close to the water's edge, arose those equally impregnable fortresses, the Tower and Castle Baynard ; on the other side of the river, the rude collection of huts marked the site of that general receptacle of thieves and outlaws, the Borough ; close beside them rose the house of nuns and the lonely church, dedicated to the Virgin by the grateful maiden of the ferry Marie ; and far beyond, rising conspicuous from among the green marshes, were the towers of the palace of Lambeth.'

Of Maude of Boulogne, the queen of Stephen, we shall only say, that she had a woman's heart ; but, in saying this, we pay her, as we think, the highest compliment that can be offered to her sex. Her career is identified with the known events of her time ; but is distinguished by that devoted attachment to her husband, and by those ceaseless exertions for his welfare, which were at last triumphant ; and which, more than literature, or wit, or beauty, have shed a glory round her memory.

In strong contrast to hers, stands out the history of Elinor of Aquitaine, wife of 'the first Plantagenet, and mother of Cœur 'de Lion.' If this princess has been wronged by other writers, we think that by Miss Lawrance she is more than righted. Grant, (and we grant it) that Henry married her for her dower ; her fair province of Aquitaine ; for what but this could he have married her, within *six weeks* of her divorce from her former husband ? Not for affection surely ! that is of slower growth, and she must have known it. Grant that he imprisoned her ; had she not fled from him, and joined with his rebellious sons ? He was false to her, and harsh and unjust to them ; but could this, could any thing, excuse a mother for stimulating her sons to that crime of double rebellion against their father and their king, which embittered his remaining days, and brought him with sorrow to the grave ? Whatever is unnatural is bad ! we do not,

therefore, excuse Henry, but we cannot justify Elinor. We will do her, however, all the justice in our power by quoting the concluding summary of her character :

‘ Her general talents are proved by her assumption of the office of Regent, both under Plantagenet and Richard, for Plantagenet would not confide authority to one whom he deemed incompetent; nor would the English barons have so quietly awaited the arrival of Cœur de Lion, had not the supreme power been placed at this important crisis in hands well qualified to wield it. As the conductress of important missions, the talents of Elinor seem to have been acknowledged by universal consent. To her was committed the charge of selecting a bride for Cœur de Lion; to her was entrusted the mission to the pope on behalf of Geoffrey; to her was consigned the ransom of her captive son, and the difficult charge of negotiating with the Emperor; even when bowed down by the weight of almost four-score years, to her, alone, was the embassy assigned, that was to arrange the marriage of Blanche of Castile with the heir of the French crown. As a mother, the respectful and devoted attachment of her children is sufficient eulogy; while the complete silence of every monkish historian to the contrary, proves that among her servants and dependants her conduct must have been exemplary. As the patroness of literature, the name of Elinor of Aquitaine deserves a high station; in her court the poets of the *lanque d’oc* and of the *lanque d’ail*, sung in friendly rivalry together; and beneath the sunshine of her smile, chivalric romance burst forth. Nor should the philosopher refuse his praise to that important act of her English Regency, which, reversing the sanguinary provisions of the forest laws, summoned every outlaw from the Trent to the Severn, to repossess his forfeited rights on the easy terms of taking the oath of allegiance to the new king.’

We turn with pleasure to the Memoir of Elinor of Castile, consort of Edward the First, whose fame, however, has come down to us, as coupled with an action which never was performed; at least, there is no authority for the story of her having saved her husband’s life by sucking the poison from his wound.

Hemingford, who is most minute in his account, describes ‘ the Master of the Temple as superintending the surgeons who dressed the wound, and as directing Elinor, who refused to quit her husband, to be forced out of the room, when the excision of the blackened flesh became necessary.’ He (Hemingford) says, ‘ that Elinor was told it was better that *she* should weep for the pain that Edward would suffer, than that the whole nation should mourn for his death.’ The common story is first to be found in a Spanish Historian, Roderic Stantius, who did not write until two hundred years after. Still, although this pleasing story is without foundation, the excellence of a whole life, and the conjugal devotion of thirty-six years, afford a better claim to that respect in which the memory of Elinor of Castile, during more

than five centuries, has been held, than a single act of transient though devoted affection.

Loving and beloved, exerting her influence for the benefit of all around, this excellent queen and woman appears to have passed her life in almost uninterrupted felicity. The companion of her husband in all his wanderings, she accompanied him to the Holy Land, to France, and was preparing to join him on his intended journey to Scotland, when she was seized with the fever which terminated her days, and expired at a village called Herdley, about twenty miles from the palace of King's Clipstone, in Nottinghamshire, 'at the house of one William Weston, 'according to Sandford, on the 29th of November, 1290.' 'The 'grief of the king, of her family, and of her dependants, at this 'great, and not improbably unexpected loss, was unbounded; 'while by the whole people the death of Elinor of Castile was 'viewed as a national calamity;—for,' says Walsingham, and he echoes the testimony of every contemporary historian, 'she was 'pious, virtuous, merciful, a friend to all the English, and as a 'pillar of the realm. In her day no foreigner dared to oppress 'England; neither was any native ever injured through legal 'exactions, if to her ears the slightest complaint of wrong ever 'came.'

Sixteen beautiful crosses were erected by King Edward in the places where the body of his beloved consort had rested in its progress from Herdley to Westminster, of which number three only remain—at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham.

We prize the history of the heart, and have quoted chiefly to illustrate it. There are, however, three interesting chapters on 'The Learning of the Cloister,' 'The Poet-Fathers of England,' and 'The Arts in the 13th Century,' respectively; on which at present we cannot comment as they deserve. Some of the most curious parts are those which relate to the state and treatment of the Jews.

'To refer the introduction of all science that deserved the name to the settlement of the Jews in England, would appear to the reader who is acquainted with that singular people only in their present state, most strange and improbable. Yet, such was the fact; and the first schools which taught experimental philosophy in England were those of the Jews at Oxford. Ere one Christian University had raised her head, in the Moorish schools of Cordova and Toledo, the highest chairs of philosophy were filled by Jewish Rabins, and a succession of Hebrew Scholars shed lustre on the literary history of Spain.' 'In the reign of Beauclerc they occupied three hostels at Oxford, called after the respective names of their owners, Lombard-Hall, Moses-Hall, and Jacob-Hall. That Christian students should resort to these Halls in great numbers, merely to attain, according to Anthony à

Wood, a knowledge of Hebrew, is most improbable: surely it was rather to learn the wonders of Astrology, the singular powers of that newly discovered Arabian science of numbers, the profound mysteries of the Cabala, that Christian youths flocked to these Hebrew schools, and meekly sat down at the feet of their Jewish Professors.'

Even so; the schools of the Arabian Mahomedans in Spain were the only places at which for a long period the abstract or practical sciences could be learned, and thither the youth of Europe flocked. The famous tables of Alphonso the Wise, were constructed by Mahomedans and Jews, and the Arabian numerals were used on that occasion, for the first time on a scale of such importance. We will briefly contrast the treatment of the Jews with their deserts. Henry the Third 'directed writs to the 'sheriffs of each county, directing them to return before him at 'Worcester, upon Quinquagesima Sunday, six of the richest 'Jews from every larger town, and two from each smaller, 'to 'treat with him, as well concerning their own as his benefit.' He 'informed them that they must raise him 20,000 marks (almost '£200,000 according to the present value of money) and when 'they expressed their astonishment, they were only commanded 'to go home again, and get one half of it ready by Midsummer, 'and the remainder by Michaelmas.*' 'On two occasions during 'his reign (Henry's) the malignant charge of crucifying a child 'was brought against them; and on the one occasion many of 'the richest Jews fled away, and the king seized all their pro- 'perty; while on the other, eighty of the wealthiest Jews of 'Lincoln were hanged, and sixty-three conveyed to the Tower, 'to undergo a similar fate. Besides these general persecutions, 'some of their number seem to have been marked out for most 'extensive spoliation. Aaron of York, declared to Matthew 'Paris, that no less a sum than 30,000 marks (£300,000) besides '200 gold marks for the queen, had been extorted from him in 'seven years; and others were heavily mulcted.'

The plunder of these unfortunate people was systematic, and the wanton waste of life is perfectly appalling. And wanton in the worst degree it was, as Dr. Toney has pertinently remarked, that the charge of crucifying children was never brought against them, but at times when it can be proved, that the king was greatly in want of money. The slaughter of the Jews at the coronation of Richard the First, however, greatly exceeds in horror all that is above related, especially the massacre at York; where 500 of them perished by their own hands, to escape the fury of the populace and the priests: an instance of stern enthu-

* Dr. Toney's *Judaica Anglia*.

siasm and heroic self-devotion, which cannot be exceeded in the annals of their history—the sacrifice of Massada not excepted.*

Miss Lawrance's opinion of the condition of the lower orders of people is rather (we suspect) *too good*; though we believe it to have been better than is usually admitted; and perhaps we like her work the more, as it is certainly in favour of a somewhat pet theory of our own; that the men of the *dark ages*, as we are pleased to term them, were generally equal, and often superior to ourselves. The circumstances of their times were more favourable to strong development, and individuality of character—to greatness of mind—than our own conventional and prosaic days: and more in many instances was achieved by them with weaker means, than has since been compassed, with all the appliances and means to boot, that learning, art, and science have supplied: and with respect even to *these*, we have but followed out what they originated.

We think this volume very creditable to the research and talents of the writer; we cordially recommend it to our readers; and we trust that Miss Lawrance will redeem her pledge, and enable us ere long to recommend another.†

We cannot lay down our pen without observing, that the time which has been chosen for the publication of this work is singularly propitious. We have just seen a young and beloved queen enthroned on the regal seat of her ancestors. A queen who will occupy a higher station than any of the illustrious females at whose memoirs we have briefly glanced; who will stand forth in history in a more imposing attitude than they; who will fill the throne herself; who will shine by her own light; who will wield the destiny of nations; and whose reign, we hope and pray, may be long, illustrious, and happy.

* For a brief, but highly interesting account of the massacre at York, see the 'Curiosities of Literature;' for that of Massada, see Milman's 'History of the Jews;' the similarity of their circumstances and behaviour is striking and extraordinary.

† We think Miss Lawrance's adverbs have great reason to complain of the excruciating positions into which they are forced. We should recommend her to abolish the torture, and to restore them to their comforts and privileges: 'to which he has assigned an *even earlier* period,' is bad; but, 'he was bound to *only receive* the challenge of monarchs,' is barbarous.

Art. VI. *The Life of William Wilberforce.* By his Sons, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh, and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M.A., Rector of Brightstone. In 5 vols. Murray : London, 1838.

HAVING attempted the defence of Mr. Clarkson from the aspersions thrown on him in these volumes, we now recur to the narrative of Mr. Wilberforce's life. To have pursued the thread of his history, without vindicating the reputation of his early associate and friend, would have been, in our judgment, an insult to his memory, and a serious dereliction of our duty as journalists. The claims of the Abolition cause were well suited to engage Mr. Wilberforce's warmest support, while his talents and station were eminently fitted to commend them to the confidence and good feeling of the nation. Nor does it admit of doubt, that the religious change he had recently experienced, by deepening his conscientiousness, and giving force and a practical bent to his benevolence, prepared him for the noble achievement of his life.

To this service he devoted himself, body, soul, and strength. Cheerfully responding to the call of duty, he purged his heart from all selfishness, ambition and vanity, and stepped forth the consecrated champion of human rights. The spirit in which he entered on the great struggle of his life, was a good omen of its successful issue. 'God Almighty,' he says, 'has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners. . . . It was the condition of the West Indian slaves which first drew my attention, and it was in the course of my inquiry that I was led to Africa and the abolition.' He immediately sought to obtain the co-operation of his ministerial friends, particularly Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt; and it was after a conversation with the latter 'in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood just above the steep descent into the Vale at Keston,' he resolved to bring the question before parliament.

Notice of his intention was given in the spring of 1788, but a serious illness preventing his attendance, Mr. Pitt moved a resolution on the 9th of May, binding the House to a consideration of the question early in the next Session. In pursuance of this vote, Mr. Wilberforce, on the 19th of March, 1789, moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee on the 23rd of April, which was subsequently altered to the 12th of May. The forces of his opponents were now thoroughly roused. A loud clamor was raised about vested rights and the commercial interests of the nation; and no means were left untried which promised to prolong discussion. Several members of the administration were

unfriendly to his views;—the king was known to be hostile, and more than one of the royal dukes was active in opposition. Rank and wealth were united in the inglorious strife, and laboured with an assiduity and zeal worthy of a better cause. In the meantime, evidence was demanded, and witnesses were called to the bar of the House. The same delusive policy was adopted as in the recent case of the Apprenticeship, and Session after Session was consumed in hearing evidence on a case which admitted of easy and instantaneous solution. It is not our purpose to follow with any minuteness the details of these parliamentary discussions. We could supply little more than dates, and are invited to a richer and more grateful field. Suffice it to say, that every artifice was adopted which could stave off inquiry, or prevent legislative enactments. Witnesses were first called, and when these failed to answer the purpose of their employers, and the public mind grew increasingly settled in its convictions and firm in its resolves; an attempt was made to defeat the Abolitionists by pretending to adopt their principles, but to apply them with sounder discretion, and a more enlightened regard to the welfare of the Africans. Satan put on the garb of an Angel of Light, and uttered the language of truth, while the practice of iniquity was in his heart. Mr. Dundas, of inglorious memory, deeply steeped in official corruption, a man of whom one of Mr. Wilberforce's correspondents remarks, 'nobody thinks well of him—duplicity and artifice are esteemed parts of his character;' was a fit agent for the execution of such a scheme. On any other subject he would not have dared to thwart the views of the premier; but, being backed by the court, he openly opposed, in 1792, the *immediate* abolition of the trade, and induced the House to resolve on its *gradual* extinction. Mr. Wilberforce was mortified at this result of his motion, and refused to bring in a 'Bill to license robbery and murder.' Still he did not lose heart, but renewed his efforts, though unsuccessfully, from 1794 to 1799. He retained a growing conviction that the cause he advocated must eventually triumph,—that it could not fail to work itself into the confidence and sympathies of the nation, and thus overbear and shame opposition. This strong faith was sometimes bitterly assailed, but he retained 'his confidence firm unto the end.' A very inadequate conception is generally entertained of the amount of labour he incurred. What appeared to the public eye is the least item in the account. His time was occupied, his strength exhausted, his rest was broken by incessant efforts to master all the complicated bearings of the question.

“Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Babington,” writes a friend from Yoxall Lodge, ‘have never appeared down-stairs since we came, except to take a hasty dinner, and for half an hour after we have supped: the

Slave Trade now occupies them nine hours daily. Mr. Babington told me last night, that he had 1400 folio pages to read, to detect the contradictions, and to collect the answers which corroborate Mr. Wilberforce's assertions in his speeches: these, with more than 2000 papers to be abridged, must be done within a fortnight. They talk of sitting up one night in each week to accomplish it. The two friends begin to look very ill, but they are in excellent spirits, and at this moment I hear them laughing at some absurd questions in the examination, proposed by a friend of Mr. Wilberforce's. You would think Mr. Wilberforce much altered since we were at Rayrigg. He is now never riotous or noisy, but very cheerful, sometimes lively, but talks a good deal more on serious subjects than he used to do. Food, beyond what is absolutely necessary for his existence, seems quite given up. He has a very slight breakfast, a plain and sparing dinner, and no more that day except some bread about ten o'clock. I have given you this history, as you say every thing about him must be interesting to you, and this is all I at present see of him.'

'Such were his occupations until his return to London in November. Throughout this time, with the exception of two days each of which yielded him eight hours of labour, he devoted daily nine hours and a half to his main employment.'—Vol. I., pp. 282, 283.

The following letter from John Wesley, probably the last he wrote, served, with many others, to confirm his resolution by rivetting his attention on the great secret of his strength. It was a solemn charge from a dying man to be faithful in his vocation.

'Feb. 24, 1791.

'My dear Sir,

'Unless the Divine power has raised you up to be as Athanasius contra mundum, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of,

'Dear Sir,

'Your affectionate servant,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

—ib., p. 297.

The progress of the French revolution, strange as it may now appear, operated seriously against the Abolition. The nation was frenzied, and amid the clamour of parties, the claims of humanity were forgotten. It would have been wise, at such a time, to have averted the just displeasure of God by renouncing

all unrighteousness. The prompt abandonment of such a sin, would have been a shield thrown before the nation, assuring it of Divine protection,—giving promise of the stability of the throne and the security of the domestic hearth. But our legislators were otherwise affected. The fearful convulsions of the continent,—the uprooting of ancient dynasties,—the maddened passions which shook Europe to its centre, and ushered in amidst thunderings and lightnings, a new and better order of things, were represented as unfriendly to the work of mercy,—as rendering the pretences of abolition but the fomentors of strife and the watch-words of sedition. The West Indians readily availed themselves of the delusion of the moment, and parliament gave way to their plea. And here we cannot abstain from doing justice to Mr. Clarkson in the matter of his political sentiments. It is more than insinuated in these volumes that he damaged the abolition cause by an injudicious expression of his views on the passing occurrences of the day. Criminatory expressions are culled from the voluminous correspondence of Mr. Wilberforce's friends, and these expressions are left without comment or explanation, to make their impression on the readers of his biography. It was perfectly natural that the advocates of Mr. Pitt's reckless crusade against the French people, which led to a European war, and drove the revolutionists to fury, should deprecate the more liberal views and nobler sympathies of Mr. Clarkson; but that their communications should find place in such a work as the present, is both uncandid and cruel. There must have been a predisposition to wound the feelings and reputation of this most estimable man—now advanced in years and afflicted sorely—or such expressions would have been thrown by, to be forgotten with the passions which gave them birth. We know Mr. Clarkson only from his public labours, yet we confess our feelings have been strongly moved by this injustice. We hope the Messrs. Wilberforce, should they live to advanced years, and be then sorrowing under accumulated trials like those which press heavily on the heart of Mr. Clarkson, will be exempted from such attacks as they have made on him. May the sons of their friends never dishonour their father's memory by aspersing the character of his early associate and fellow-labourer! The insinuation is as unfounded as it was uncalled for. We speak on the authority of some, yet happily lingering among us, when we affirm that Mr. Clarkson was scrupulously cautious not to injure the sacred cause of humanity, by an injudicious and ill-timed expression of his political sentiments. He had his own views,—and in these days they will be esteemed no dishonour—but those views were kept in abeyance, when the claims of a higher interest required. His politics were more liberal than those of Mr. Wilberforce, but those politics ranked infinitely lower in his esteem,

than the charge he had so solemnly committed to his soul. He might refuse to submit to a political test-act,—and he was right in doing so,—but he was the last man in England to damage the cause of Africa by merging the philanthropist in the politician, the herald of mercy in the partizan of faction. But enough of this, we return to the narrative.

From 1799 to 1804 little was done in the Abolition cause. Parliament had grown weary of the discussion, and lent itself to the base policy of Mr. Dundas. Most men would have surrendered themselves to the despondency of the moment, and have retired in despair. Proposition after proposition had been rejected. The House had falsified its own resolutions, had refused to abolish that part of the traffic which was carried on by British merchants for foreigners, or even to exempt a limited portion of the coast of Africa from the fearful scourge. It was therefore deemed advisable by Mr. Wilberforce and his friends to suspend their labours. They had done their utmost and had failed. Oppression triumphed, and the nation was listless and indifferent. This was the great trial of Mr. Wilberforce's character, and we rejoice to say he came out of it unscathed. The mere political advocate would have abandoned a cause with which the nation ceased to sympathize, and have reverted to other topics, promising a speedier and more abundant harvest. But not so Mr. Wilberforce. He had embarked in the enterprise at the dictate of conscience, and was faithful in the hour of need. Through good report and through evil report, in the sunny hour of joyous hope and amid the dark clouds which now gathered around him, he persevered,—the untiring and indomitable champion of social virtue and religious truth.

At length the clouds which encompassed him began to break. Streaks of light pervaded the horizon, and hope for Africa, and confidence in the future safety of his country, rose joyous in his heart. Singular as it may be deemed by those who have paid little attention to the state of parties at this period, his reviving confidence arose from the changes consequent on the death of Mr. Pitt. Mr. Wilberforce retained to the last his confidence in the integrity of that minister's attachment to the Abolition cause. Some of his associates, however, thought otherwise, and we think there was good ground for their scepticism. There was more of the politician than the philanthropist in Mr. Pitt's course on this question. He was kept right only by the vigilance and remonstrances of his friend, and was too much the slave of ambition to hazard the fidelity of his associates, and the favour of the king, by insisting on justice being done to Africa. 'My charity,' says Mr. Stephen referring to Mr. Pitt's conduct respecting the removal of the Carib tribes, 'does not go so far as to believe it possible he can be innocent of indirect selfish views on this occasion.'

His interference, adds this zealous and able Abolitionist, 'was prompted by you; by his fear of losing your very powerful support; a fear which, had it not been relieved by a knowledge of the strong hold he had on you, would long since, I verily believe, have produced the Abolition of the slave trade. It is the judgment perhaps of a biassed man; but of one who has heard your defence for him, powerful in my feelings for the advocate, and of one who is not his enemy, and would have been warmly his friend, but for this very opinion.' Mr. Stephen's mistrust prevailed extensively, and was frequently reported to Mr. Wilberforce. 'From London to Inverness,' says Dr. Dickson, a Scotch correspondent 'Mr. Pitt's sincerity is questioned, and unless he can convince the nation of his cordiality in our cause, his popularity must suffer greatly.' The truth seems to be, that whatever love Pitt had for justice and mercy, his love of office was far greater, and he was willing, therefore, to compromise the matter by allowing his inferiors, whose ready compliance he commanded on other occasions, to outvote him on this. George the Third has obtained a reputation which his obstinate hostility to the Abolition of the slave trade combines with a thousand other circumstances, to prove him undeserving of. His intellect was stunted, as his heart was unsusceptible of the higher and more generous impulses of our nature.

Mr. Pitt's death occurred in the early part of 1806, and was followed by the accession of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville to office. Some members of the new cabinet were hostile to the Abolition, but the determination of the chiefs was unequivocal. Measures were immediately adopted, and two Bills were introduced and speedily carried, one of which abolished the foreign slave trade, and the other prohibited the employment of fresh ships. Nor was this all. Mr. Fox introduced, and carried through the Commons by a majority of 114 to 15, a resolution declaring the slave trade to be 'contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and policy;' and pledging the House 'with all practicable expedition, to take effectual measures for the Abolition of the said trade.' An Address to the king was also voted, praying his majesty to negotiate with foreign powers for their co-operation. Both these resolutions were subsequently adopted by the Upper House.

'How wonderful,' remarks Mr. Wilberforce when contemplating the cheering prospect before him, 'are the ways of God, and how are we taught to trust not in man but in Him! Though intimate with Pitt for all my life since earliest manhood, and he most warm for Abolition, and really honest; yet now my whole human dependence is placed on Fox, to whom this life opposed, and on Grenville, to whom always rather hostile till of late years, when I heard he was more religious. O Lord, thou hast all hearts in Thy disposal: oh that it may be Thy will to put an end to this abhorred system.'

‘I quite love Fox,’ he subsequently remarks in his journal, ‘for his generous and warm fidelity to the slave trade cause. Even very lately, when conscious that he would be forced to give up parliament for the session at least, he said ‘he wished to go down to the House once more to say something on the slave trade.’’

—Vol. III., pp. 261, 268.

The death of Mr. Fox in October alarmed without intimidating the friends of humanity. His colleagues adhered faithfully to his policy, and the good cause triumphed. The royal princes canvassed against it, and two of their number, ‘speaking, as was ‘understood, the sentiments of all the reigning family,’ openly opposed it in the Lords. The Bill was threatened even in its last stage, and considerable alarm was felt. The king was known to have broken with his ministers on the ground of their liberal policy; and it was feared they would resign before their Abolition Bill was completed. Happily, however, it received the royal assent by commission on the 25th of March, 1807; and the Grenville administration, crowned by this act with imperishable honour, instantly resigned the seals of office.

Mr. Wilberforce’s feelings on this occasion were of no mean and selfish order. He devoutly recognized the hand of God, and in the fervid expressions of an enlightened gratitude, acknowledged the divine interposition.

‘‘I have indeed,’ he notes in his journal, ‘inexpressible reasons for thankfulness on the glorious result of that struggle which, with so many eminent fellow-labourers, I have so long maintained. I really cannot account for the fervour which happily has taken the place of that fastidious, well-bred lukewarmness which used to display itself on this subject, except by supposing it to be produced by that Almighty power which can influence at will the judgment and affections of men.’

‘‘How wonderfully the providence of God has been manifested in the Abolition Bill! I will hereafter note down all the particulars. The present ministry no sooner have got it through than they are going out. Again, had we not altered the preamble, by leaving out the words ‘justice and humanity,’ preserving the full force, there might have been a plea, since the news of an insurrection, for the Lords reconsidering; they might have found means of putting it off for another year, and our hopes might have been defeated. Again, Lord Grenville and Lord Howick were earnest for two Bills; one the general principle, and the other the penalties and regulations. I most strongly against this, even when every one else gave way; which not usual with me. If divided, the second Bill would probably have been lost. Then the moment the ministry began to venture the country’s happiness on a popish foundation, they find their ground cut from under them.’

‘‘Oh what thanks do I owe the Giver of all good, for bringing me in His gracious providence to this great cause, which at length, after almost nineteen years’ labour, is successful!’’—*ib.*, 304, 305.

Of Mr. Wilberforce's political course we shall say nothing. We are indisposed to censure, and we cannot altogether praise. His disinterestedness and integrity admit of no question, but many of his views were false; his personal attachment to the ministry frequently blinded his judgment; and the frenzy of the moment, the passions which sprung from the French revolution, induced his concurrence in those efforts of an incipient despotism by which Pitt sought to establish his iron rule. Nor did Mr. Wilberforce realize his own views; yet his failure is to be attributed to other causes than such as generally operate on statesmen. But we are forgetting our purpose. The following extract from a letter to Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, presents the writer in a pleasing and attractive light. It is dated April 23, 1798:

‘It is occasionally part of my Sunday's occupation to look into the state of my heart in this relation, and to discipline it in a way which might seem almost too mechanical to any one who had not considered sufficiently the structure and workings of the human mind. I impress on myself the uncertainty of all political opinions, and how often different practical judgments in persons who agree in abstract principles arise from differences as to matters of fact, and as to the credit they give respectively to different sources of intelligence. Then I put myself in the situation of an opposition man, and call up the ideas, with their proper apparel and in their several bearings, which present themselves to *his* mental eye. Then I consider how naturally the opposition men are irritated by constant failure, and by their feeling that they and theirs are suffering, and likely to suffer, from what they conceive to be incapacity or wicked intentions, which they have in vain been striving to counteract. Above all, I view the several leading men in connexion with religious topics. I consider their sad state, till I truly feel for them; and this it is impossible to do without emotions of cordial good-will rising up into action. I trust I can sincerely declare, that I sometimes look at them thus (and something of these sensations I experience at this very moment) with emotions of enlarged and unmixed affection. Now this process tends to leave my mind softened and warmed towards them. But it does not alter my views of the consequences of their measures, or of the necessity of warning the public of what appears to me (speaking in the presence of God) the urgent duty of counteracting their hostile attempts against the present government.

‘I wish I had plenty of time, that I might let you still more into my sentiments. I believe I did once hint to you (what I cannot express in writing) whence I dreaded the storm breaking forth. But it appears to me to be my duty while I fill the forward political situation I now enjoy, (let me retract that term for possess, it is no enjoyment; how often do Mrs. W. and I wish for private life! as often as we dare indulge such an idea,) to use my utmost endeavours for repressing this approaching mischief. To be honest with you, I must confess that I

feel more real spleen against administration than against opposition, and that for many reasons ; some I fear too personal, for self, alas, will creep in and taint the purity of our motives ; but still more, I hope, on good and substantial grounds. It seems to me that they have had (and even still have) it in their power, I will not say to dispel the cloud which hangs over this country, but to brighten our prospects materially, and that, by means the most virtuous, the most praiseworthy, the most honourable to themselves. I have submitted to that most painful duty of remonstrating against what I thought wrong, of urging what I feel right ; and perhaps with a heart galled and wounded and saddened by neglect, and frustration, and anticipation of evil, I have had to fulfil the duty (for such on the whole it has appeared to me) of defending them and rebutting their opponents.'—Vol. II., pp. 267—269.

In following the history of the Abolition struggle, we have passed over many interesting incidents in Mr. Wilberforce's life, to some of which we now advert.

In April, 1797, he published his *Practical View*, a work so well known to the readers of the *Eclectic*, that we need not occupy a single line in describing it. Religious publications were then but little in demand, and the expectations of Mr. Cadell were consequently very limited. 'You mean,' said that gentleman, 'to put your name to the work? Then I think we may venture upon 500 copies.' This edition was expended in a few days, and within six months 7500 copies were sold. It is extremely difficult in the altered circumstances of the present day duly to estimate the impression made by the work on its first appearance. The evangelical party were then a feeble minority in the church. The whole weight of ecclesiastical authority was against them, and the patronage of the crown was given to their opponents. Their views were grossly misunderstood, and their attachment to the hierarchy was openly impugned. It is, therefore, no wonder that they exulted in the appearance of such an advocate, and anticipated from his labours the most important results.

'I send you herewith,' Mr. Henry Thornton writes to Mr. Macaulay, 'the book on religion lately published by Mr. Wilberforce ; it excites even more attention than you would have supposed, amongst all the graver and better disposed people. The bishops in general much approve of it, though some more warmly, some more coolly. Many of his gay and political friends admire and approve of it ; though some do but dip into it. Several have recognised the likeness of themselves. The better part of the religious world, and more especially the Church of England, prize it most highly, and consider it as producing an era in the history of the church. The Dissenters, many of them, call it legal, and point at particular parts. Gilbert Wakefield has already scribbled something against it. I myself am amongst those who contemplate it as a most important work.'

‘This was the universal feeling amongst those who looked seriously around them on the face of things. ‘I am truly thankful to Providence,’ wrote Bishop Porteus, ‘that a work of this nature has made its appearance at this tremendous moment. I shall offer up my fervent prayers to God, that it may have a powerful and extensive influence on the hearts of men, and in the first place on my own, which is already humbled, and will I trust in time be sufficiently awakened by it.’ ‘I deem it,’ Mr. Newton told him, ‘the most valuable and important publication of the present age, especially as it is yours:’ and to Mr. Grant he wrote, ‘What a phenomenon has Mr. Wilberforce sent abroad! Such a book by such a man, and at such a time! A book which must and will be read by persons in the higher circles, who are quite inaccessible to us little folk, who will neither hear what we can say, nor read what we may write. I am filled with wonder and with hope. I accept it as a token for good: yea, as the brightest token I can discern in this dark and perilous day. Yes, I trust that the Lord, by raising up such an incontestable witness to the truth and power of the gospel, has a gracious purpose to honour him as an instrument of reviving and strengthening the sense of real religion where it already is, and of communicating it where it is not.’

—ib., pp. 200, 201.

The circulation of the work was unprecedented. In 1826 fifteen editions had issued from the English press, and twenty-five from that of America. It has been translated into the French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and German languages, and its influence has been proportioned to its diffusion.

There is one anecdote of the work too interesting to be omitted. At the time of its publication Burke was drawing towards the close of his brilliant but erratic career. He was an invalid at Bath, and some of his latest hours were employed in its perusal.

‘‘Have you been told,’ Mr. Henry Thornton asks Mrs. Hannah More, ‘that Burke spent much of the two last days of his life in reading Wilberforce’s book, and said that he derived much comfort from it, and that if he lived he should thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world? so says Mrs. Crewe, who was with Burke at the time.’ Before his death Mr. Burke summoned Dr. Laurence to his side, and committed specially to him the expression of these thanks.’—ib., p. 208.

On the occasion of Mr. Pitt’s duel with Mr. Tierney, May 27, 1798, Mr. Wilberforce gave notice of an intention to bring the subject of duelling before the House, which was prevented by the following letter from the premier:

‘My dear Wilberforce,

‘I am not the person to argue with you on a subject in which I am a good deal concerned. I hope too that I am incapable of doubting

your kindness to me (however mistaken I may think it) if you let any sentiment of that sort actuate you on the present occasion. I must suppose that some such feeling has inadvertently operated upon you, because whatever may be your *general* sentiments on subjects of this nature, they can have acquired no new tone or additional argument from any thing that has passed in this transaction. You must be supposed to bring this forward in reference to the individual case.

‘ In doing so, you will be accessary in loading one of the parties with unfair and unmerited obloquy. With respect to the other party, myself, I feel it a real duty to say to you frankly that your motion is one for my removal. If any step on the subject is proposed in parliament and agreed to, I shall feel from that moment that I can be of more use out of office than in it ; for in it, according to the feelings I entertain, I could be of none. I state to you, as I think I ought, distinctly and explicitly what I feel. I hope I need not repeat what I always feel personally to yourself.

‘ Yours ever,

‘ WILLIAM PITT.’

—ib., pp. 281, 282.

This communication staggered Mr. Wilberforce's resolution, and induced him to pause. The following entry occurs in his diary :

‘ June 1st. To town to-day and yesterday, and back in the evening. Much discussion about duel motion. Saw Pitt and others—all pressed me to give it up. Consulted Grant and Henry Thornton, and at length resolved to give it up, as not more than five or six would support me, and not more than one or two speak, and I could only have carried it so far, as for preventing *ministers* fighting duels. June 2d. Being resolved, I wrote to Pitt to give it up.’—ib., 282.

The conduct of the minister, we are subsequently informed, was approved of by the king,—so lax was the morality even of George the Third, of whose piety so much has been absurdly said.

The extracts given from Mr. Wilberforce's private papers, supply many sketches of his leading contemporaries ; some of these we will quote. The following will be read with interest by all who are conversant with the history or the writings of Mr. Bentham, and will go far to account for the embittered disgust at public men which he was at no pains to conceal.

‘ ‘Odd enough were the parties I then met once or twice every winter at Bentham's house, at which his brother General Bentham, Lord St. Helen's, Abbot, Romilly, old Professor Christian, and myself were the ordinary guests.’

‘ This intimacy had grown out of his attempts to assist Mr. Bentham when the failure of his ‘panopticon’ had involved him in pecuniary losses. The plan of this penitentiary greatly pleased Mr. Dundas,

and he obtained Mr. Pitt's sanction for the experiment. Thus encouraged, Mr. Bentham had entered into contracts for the erection of the building, when Lord Spencer complained loudly, and successfully, of its vicinity to his estate. It proved no easy matter to find another site, whilst the delay involved Mr. Bentham in serious responsibilities. Mr. Wilberforce took up his cause with zeal; and applied, amongst others, to the Chapter of St. Peter's Westminster, in furtherance of his design. 'I shall never forget Horsley's keen glance, when in the course of our discussion he asked me, 'Mr. Wilberforce, do you think that Mr. Pitt is in earnest in the business?' Never was any one worse used than Bentham. I have seen the tears run down the cheeks of that strong-minded man through vexation at the pressing importunity of creditors and the insolence of official underlings, when day after day he was begging at the Treasury for what was indeed a mere matter of right. How indignant did I often feel, when I saw him thus treated by men infinitely his inferiors! I could have extinguished them. He was quite soured by it, and I have no doubt that many of his harsh opinions afterwards were the fruit of his ill treatment.' 'A fit site,' at last wrote the weary man, 'obtainable for my purpose, without a single dissentient voice, is that of the golden tree, and the singing water, and after a three years' consideration I beg to be excused searching for it.'—'Bentham's hard measure'—'Bentham cruelly used'—'Jeremy Bentham, suo more'—are Mr. Wilberforce's docketings upon the letters which at this time passed frequently between them. Some of them are not a little singular.—'Kind sir,' he writes in one, 'the next time you happen on Mr. Attorney-General in the House or elsewhere, be pleased to take a spike, the longer and sharper the better, and apply it to him by way of memento that the Penitentiary-Contract Bill has, for I know not what length of time, been sticking in his hands; and you will much oblige,

'Your humble servant to command,

'JEREMY BENTHAM.

'N.B. A corking pin was yesterday applied by Mr. Abbot.'

—ib., pp. 170—172.

Numerous notices of Mr. Canning are interspersed throughout these volumes, from which we gather—and we are not surprised at the fact—that he was no great favourite with Mr. Wilberforce. The following are a sample:

'C. knew Canning well at Eton; he never played at any games with the other boys; quite a man, fond of acting, decent, and moral.'
'Poor fellow, he had neither father nor mother to bring him up. He was brought up, partly I believe, with Sheridan. I always wondered he was so pure.' 'Canning, clever . . . genius . . . but too often speaking, and too flippant and ambitious.' Canning's drollery of voice and manners were inimitable; there is a lighting up of his features, and a comic play about the mouth, when the full fun of the approaching witticisms strikes his own mind, which prepares you for the burst which is to follow.' . . . 'How striking,' it is remarked in

1812, 'is Canning's example! Had he fairly joined Percival on the Duke of Portland's death, as Percival offered, he would now have been the acknowledged head, and supported as such. But his ambitious policy threw him out, and he sunk infinitely in public estimation, and has since with difficulty kept buoyant.'

These sentences culled from different parts of the work furnish a graphic sketch which the following passage will complete.

'Whitbread was a rough speaker; he spoke as if he had a pot of porter at his lips and all his words came through it. I remember his drawing tears from me upon the lottery question. After Canning's speech on Lord Bexley's Resolution about a pound note and a shilling being of equal value with a guinea, he said to me, 'Well, I do envy him the power of making that speech.' This was very curious to me, because, I never could have guessed that it was at all the model to which he aspired. Poor Canning! I knew him well, and he knew that I knew him. He felt that I knew him before he became well acquainted with Pitt. He had a mind susceptible of the forms of great ideas; as for these men, they have not minds up to any thing of the sort; their minds would burst with the attempt. I have often talked openly with Canning, and I cannot but hope that some good may have come from it. When I was with him once, he was in bed, on a sort of sofa-bed, at Gloucester Lodge, and Southey was mentioned. 'I did not know that he was in town.' 'Yes, he is, and dines with me to-morrow; but I am afraid you will not come because it is Sunday.' Canning was not a first-rate speaker! Oh he was as different as possible from Pitt, and from old Fox too, though he was so rough; he had not that art, 'celare artem.' If effect is the criterion of good speaking, Canning was nothing to them, for he never drew you to him in spite of yourself. You never lost sight of Canning; even in that admirable speech of his about Sir John C. Hippisley, when your muscles were so exercised by laughing, it was the same thing; yet he was a more finished orator than Pitt.'—vol. v. 339, 340.

The following are among the notices of Sheridan.

'Sheridan infinitely witty, having been drinking.'—'Sheridan fights lustily for Addington. He proposed a sufficiently absurd vote of thanks last night (August 10th 1803) to the volunteers who had so gallantly offered their services; but you see clearly that the affectionate regard of government to him knows no bounds in this honeymoon of their union. Lord St. Vincent lately offered Tom Sheridan a most lucrative place, which Sheridan refused; very wisely, I think.'—'Sheridan would (June 1808) against the advice of all the opposition friends, electrify the country on the Spanish business. He came down to the house, but the opportunity being delayed, he going up stairs got so drunk, as to make him manifestly and disgracefully besotted. Yet he seemed to remember a fair speech, for the topics were good; only he

was like a man catching, through a thick medium at the objects before him. Alas, a most humiliating spectacle ; yet the papers state him to have made a brilliant speech, &c. So true is what Cobbett said of his friendship to the editors and reporters.'

An anecdote is told in perfect keeping with the traditionary accounts of this depraved but extraordinary man.

'One day while Hastings' trial was proceeding, an important point came on when only Burke and two or three more were present—little Michael Angelo among them, very pompous. Ned Law, who was to argue the case as Hastings' counsel, began, 'It is a pity, sir, to raise a discussion on this matter. This is no doubtful question of political expedience, it is a mere point of law, and my honourable friend there, pointing to little Michael, 'from his accurate knowledge of the law, which he has practised with so much success, can confirm fully what I say.' Michael puffed and swelled, and almost assented. Burke was quite furious, and ran to him and shook him, saying, 'You little rogue, what do you mean by assenting to this?' Michael is talked of for a peer. It is not unlikely ; he has no son. He was left a good fortune by his father, who was a builder, and he got on by keeping a good cook and giving excellent dinners. I remember Sheridan playing off on him one of his amusing tricks. He did not know where to go for a dinner, so sitting down by Michael Angelo, he said, 'There is a question likely to rise presently on which from your legal knowledge you will be wanted to reply to Pitt, so I hope you will not think of leaving the House.' Michael sat still with no little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants, 'Your master is not coming home this evening.' He made an excellent dinner, came back to the house, and seeing Michael looking expectant, went to release him, saying, 'I am sorry to have kept you, for after all I believe this matter will not now come on to-night.' Michael immediately walked home, and heard to his no little consternation, when he rang for dinner, 'Mr. Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago.'—*ib.* 337.—339.

Of Lord Castlereagh, whose administration he nevertheless supported, he says, 'What a cold blooded creature !' and refers in the following terms to his suicide.

'S. brought a report from Croydon that poor Londonderry had destroyed himself. I could not believe it. The 'Courier,' however, and several letters too clearly confirmed it. He was certainly deranged—the effect, probably, of continued wear and tear of mind. But the strong impression of my mind is, that it is the effect of the non-observance of the Sunday, both as abstracting from politics, from the constant recurrence of the same reflections, and as correcting the false views of worldly things, and bringing them down to their true diminutiveness.' 'All the time that I have been writing,' he concludes a letter this day to Mr. Stephen, 'poor Castlereagh has been in my mind.

I never was so shocked by any incident. He really was the last man in the world who appeared likely to be carried away into the commission of such an act! So cool, so self-possessed. It is very curious to hear the newspapers speaking of incessant application to business, forgetting that by the weekly admission of a day of rest, which our Maker has graciously enjoined, our faculties would be preserved from the effects of this constant strain. I am strongly impressed by the recollection of your endeavour to prevail on the lawyers to give up Sunday consultations, in which poor Romilly would not concur. If he had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remission, it is highly probable the strings would never have snapped as they did, from over-tension. Alas! Alas! poor fellow! I did not think I should feel for him so very deeply.'—ib. 134, 135.

This extract reminds us of another illustrative of the distinguished man referred to.

'One of the most remarkable things about Romilly was, that though he had such an immense quantity of business, he always seemed an idle man. If you had not known who and what he was, you would have said—'he is a remarkably gentleman-like, pleasant man; I suppose, poor fellow, he has no business'—for he would stand at the bar of the house, and chat with you, and talk over the last novel, with which he was as well acquainted as if he had nothing else to think about. Once, indeed, I remember coming to speak to him in court, and seeing him look fagged and with an immense pile of papers by him. This was at a time when Lord Eldon had been reproached for having left business undischarged, and had declared, that he would get through all arrears by sitting on until the business was done. As I went up to Romilly, old Eldon saw me, and beckoned to me with as much cheerfulness and gaiety as possible. When I was alone with Romilly and asked him, 'how he was,' he answered, 'I am worn to death; here have we been sitting on in the vacation, from nine in the morning until four; and when we leave this place, I have to read through all my papers, to be ready for to-morrow morning; but the most extraordinary part of all is, that Eldon, who has not only mine, but all the other business to go through, is just as cheerful and untired as ever.'—ib. 341, 342.

We close our political sketches with the following group.

'When Lord Londonderry was in his ordinary mood, he was very tiresome, so slow and heavy, his sentences only half formed, his matter so confined, like what is said of the French army, in the Moscow retreat, when horse, foot, and carriages of all sorts were huddled together, helter-skelter; yet when he was thoroughly warmed and excited, he was often very fine, very statesmanlike, and seemed to rise quite into another man.'

'Our general impression of Sheridan was, that he came to the house with his flashes prepared and ready to let off. He avoided encountering

Pitt in unforeseen debating, but when forced to it usually came off well.'

'Fox was often truly wonderful. He would begin at full tear, and roll on for hours together without tiring either himself or us.'

'Pitt talked a great deal among his friends. Fox, in general society, was quiet and unassuming. Sheridan was a jolly companion, and told good stories, but has been overrated as a wit by Moore.'

'Fox was truly amiable in private life, and great allowance ought to be made for him: his father was a profligate politician, and allowed him as much money to gamble with as ever he wished.'

'I asked him,' says Mr. Harford, 'if he remembered the miser Elwes in the House of Commons? Perfectly; and that question reminds me of a curious incident which one day befell that strange being. In my younger days, we often went to the house in full dress, on nights, for example, when we were any of us going to the opera. Bankes, on an occasion of this kind, was seated next to Elwes, who was leaning his head forward just at the moment when Bankes rose hastily to leave his seat, and the hilt of his sword happening to come in contact with the miser's wig, which he had probably picked off some scare-crow, it was unconsciously borne away by Bankes, who walked in his stately way down the house, followed by Elwes full of anxiety to regain his treasure. The house was in a roar of merriment, and, for a moment, Bankes looked about him wondering exceedingly what had happened. The explanation was truly amusing, when he became conscious of the swordhilt which he had acquired.'—*ib.* 259, 260.

One of the most honourable labours of Mr. Wilberforce, respected the extension of Christianity in our eastern provinces. He felt deeply on this subject, and frequently pressed it on the attention of parliament. On one of these occasions an amusing incident occurred, the humour of which can be fully appreciated, only by those who knew the Secretary of the Baptist Mission. Poor Andrew Fuller little thought of the danger which threatened him. The anecdote is thus related.

'One great argument of his opponents was grounded on the enthusiastic character which they imputed to the missionary body. India, hitherto, had seen no missionary who was a member of the English church, and imputations could be cast more readily on 'Anabaptists and fanatics.' These attacks Mr. Wilberforce indignantly refuted, and well had the noble conduct of the band at Serampore deserved this vindication. 'I do not know,' he often said, 'a finer instance of the moral sublime, than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive the idea of converting the Hindoos to Christianity; yet such was Dr. Carey. Why, Milton's planning his *'Paradise Lost'* in his old age and blindness was nothing to it. And then when he had gone to India, and was appointed by Lord Wellesley to a lucrative and honourable station in the college of Fort William, with equal nobleness of mind he made over all his salary (between £1000 and £1500 per annum) to the general objects of the mission. By the way, nothing ever

gave me a more lively sense of the low and mercenary standard of your men of honour, than the manifest effect produced upon the House of Commons by my stating this last circumstance. It seemed to be the only thing which moved them.' Dr. Carey had been especially attacked, and 'a few days afterwards the member who had made this charge came to me, and asked me in a manner which in a noted duellist could not be mistaken, 'Pray, Mr. Wilberforce, do you know a Mr. Andrew Fuller, who has written to me to retract the statement which I made with reference to Dr. Carey?'

'Yes;' I answered with a smile, 'I know him perfectly, but depend upon it you will make nothing of him in your way; he is a respectable Baptist minister at Kettering.' In due time, there came from India an authoritative contradiction of the slander. It was sent to me, and for two whole years did I take it in my pocket to the House of Commons to read it to the house whenever the author of the accusation should be present; but during that whole time he never once dared show himself in the house.'—vol. iv. 123, 124.

Before closing our extracts, we must recur briefly to two topics on which Mr. Wilberforce's opinions are strongly expressed. They are both of present importance, and his judgment is entitled to weight.

We have recently heard much of the probability of a coalition between the pure Whigs and moderate conservatives. Some movements have been made towards it, and the short-sighted and *prudent* are in favour of it. For ourselves, we hold it in contempt, and point to the history of the past in proof of its mischievous tendency. If there is one historical fact more indisputable than another it is this, that such confederations have uniformly failed to accomplish their proposed object, and have terminated in the disgrace of the parties concerned. But Mr. Wilberforce's judgment will have more weight than any thing we can say, and we gladly lay it before our readers. It is expressed on three different occasions; and the following is the language employed.

'Coalition is a word of bad omen.' 'I cannot wonder at Lords Grenville's and Grey's refusing to enter the present cabinet; nor, to say the truth, do I regret it. Anything almost is better than a coalition; nothing is so likely to multiply expeditions, or to produce impunity for the worst.' Coalitions are odious things, and lead to the dissolution of all principle, and the loss of all credit, in public men; and surely it is a shame that it should be necessary to bribe men by the offer of good places to wave their party altercations.' —vol. iii. pp. 154, 428, 433.

We commend these sentences to the deliberate attention of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel before they act another piece of political coquetry.

The other subject to which we refer is the deference due to the

wishes and interests of the ministry from the friends of Abolition. The ill-fated and criminal policy of Lord Melbourne's cabinet on the slavery question has compelled all true Abolitionists to assume a tone, and to prosecute a course of opposition, foreign from their predilections and party sympathies. The cold-hearted and timorous,—the men distinguished for moderation, rather than for justice,—all in a word who prefer a Whig ministry, to the interests of righteousness and the claims of humanity, have impugned this procedure, as tending to lower the reputation and endanger the stability of the administration. The plea of justice has been urged in vain, against the party attachments and political sympathies of such men. For ourselves we are satisfied to rest our defence of the Delegates on the simple ground of principle: but for the information of others we adduce the solemn declaration of Mr. Wilberforce, made in 1793, when his college associate and intimate friend, Mr. Pitt, was premier. Having been informed by Dr. Currie of a report that, at length, he fainted in his course; 'that tired of the obstacles which presented themselves, and *fearful of embarrassing the minister in his difficulties*;' he was about to defer the Abolition question till a quieter season; he hastened to vindicate himself from the misrepresentation.

' 'Though I cannot,' he replies, 'enter upon the topics contained in your letter, I must notice one of them; that, I mean, of being supposed to be, as you delicately express it, fainting in my course. Nothing I assure you is further from the truth: it is one of those calumnies, for such I account it, to which every public man is exposed, and of which, though I have had a tolerable proportion, I cannot complain of having had more than my share. In the case of every question of political expediency, there appears to me room for the consideration of times and seasons. At one period, under one set of circumstances, it may be proper to push, at another, and in other circumstances, to withhold our efforts; but in the present instance, where the actual commission of guilt is in question, a man who *fears God* is not at liberty. Be persuaded then that I shall never make this grand cause the sport of caprice, or sacrifice it to motives of political convenience or personal feeling.'—Vol. II., p. 22.

This vindication is as complete at the present day, as in the time and under the circumstances of Mr. Wilberforce. Nay, it is more conclusive now, since the administration of Lord Melbourne might, with the utmost facility, and without the slightest damage to themselves cede the prayer of the Abolitionists, while the power of Mr. Pitt to do so, is matter of doubt. It has been the fatuity of our Ministers to reject the prayer of united millions, without gaining the slightest party advantage by the misdeed. Should the coalition so much talked of be effected,

the mystery which at present enwraps their policy will be cleared up.

Judging from the present volumes it would appear, that Mr. Wilberforce's feelings towards our section of the religious community, were far from being so liberal as was generally supposed. We always knew him to be a thorough churchman, and were never disposed to quarrel with him on this account. We love a man whose convictions are deep and his attachments strong, and never think better of our neighbours who profess to hold their principles,—whether religious or political,—with a light and careless hand. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a strong attachment to our own principles, is incompatible with a due appreciation of the virtues and religious services of others. Such a judgment involves the worst spirit of sectarianism, from which we have been in the habit of regarding Mr. Wilberforce as exempted. This opinion, however, must be relinquished if the representations of his biographers be received, for though the references to us scattered throughout these volumes are few and hurried, they betray the distorted and jaundiced view of a party man. He voted in 1790 against the repeal of the 'Test Act; and what is stranger still, he dissuaded a relative, who complained that the Gospel was not preached in her parish church, from attending the meeting-house. 'Its individual benefits,' he wrote, 'are no compensation for the general evils of dissent. The increase of Dissenters, which always follows from the institution of 'unsteeped places of worship, is highly injurious to the interests 'of religion in the long run.' This it must be confessed is sufficiently sectarian; but what will our readers think of the following, when told that the village referred to, was in the rich diocese of Bath and Wells, and had its non-resident vicar, whose curate 'visited the parish on Sundays only.' 'The moral desolation,' remark his sons, 'which he found at Chedder was a striking 'illustration of his common maxim, that 'the Dissenters could do 'nothing if it were not for the Established Church;' for the 'absence of a resident clergyman had brought the village into a 'state of universal ignorance.' Such miserable twaddle,—we must call things by their right names,—if it mean anything, must mean this, that because a clergyman had grossly neglected his duty, and the Establishment had suffered a village to sink into 'universal ignorance,' therefore dissent was incapable of doing anything. That the fact goes to prove the inefficiency of a State Church is obvious, but how it accomplishes the purpose for which it is adduced does not appear.

But enough of this. We believe that Mr. Wilberforce's mind expanded and became more liberal as he advanced in years. In early life he knew little of Dissenters, and his antipathy was aroused by their Anti-Pittite politics. Subsequently, however,

he saw them more closely, and though still a churchman, his feelings towards them became more respectful and kind.*

It was our design to attempt an analysis of Mr. Wilberforce's character, with a view of pointing out the secret of his great usefulness, but the extent to which we have already encroached on our limits compels us to refrain.

Before closing our remarks, we must, however, say a word on the manner in which the biographers have accomplished their task. The staple of the work has been drawn from Mr. W.'s own papers, and much skill is evinced in the arrangement and combination of the materials. A large mass of interesting information is supplied, and full justice is done to his religious character. We could have wished, and we believe the feeling is general, that a more sparing use had been made of Mr. Wilberforce's diary. Religious biographies generally fail in this respect, and their usefulness is thereby greatly limited. The same sentiments are repeated without end, and many readers are in consequence prevented from prosecuting the narrative from which, they might otherwise have derived much benefit. The present volumes are overlaid with extracts of this kind, and we fear that few of Mr. Wilberforce's political associates will have sufficient perseverance to read them through. This is to be regretted, and might easily have been avoided. No biography would have done justice to such a man which did not exhibit his religious principles in prominent relief; but it was not necessary to this end, that such wholesale use should be made of private memoranda, noted on the spur of the moment, and designed only for the writer's own benefit. The perpetual recurrence of these extracts gives a sameness and want of continuous interest to the work. The reader flags and grows weary, and is in danger of throwing the volumes aside altogether. We strongly recommend, in the event of a second edition, that the pruning knife be unsparingly used. What may thus be lost in bulk, will be more than gained in point of interest and usefulness.

* It is impossible otherwise, to account for the impression he made on some acute observers. 'To the prevalence of charity and humility in his mind,' says Mr. Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, 'we may ascribe the absence of bigotry, and his remarkable liberality towards Christians, whose views in some respects differed from his own.'—*Familiar Sketch of the late William Wilberforce*, p. 11.

ART. VII. *The Doctrine of Election, and its connexion with the general tenor of Christianity, illustrated from many parts of Scripture, and especially from the Epistle to the Romans.* By THOMAS ERSKINE, Esq., Advocate; author of 'Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion.' London. James Duncan.

THE very interesting volume by which, on his present reappearance, Mr. Erskine recalls himself to our recollection, obtained for him a large share of confidence and regard. And, although that confidence has not been very strongly confirmed by any one of his subsequent communications, he has nevertheless retained a character throughout, which entitles all his sentiments to a respectful consideration. Most happy shall we be, if he shall be found to have shed any valuable light on the momentous but difficult subject he has now undertaken.

• He commences his work with great frankness. 'My object in 'this treatise,' he says, 'is to set forth, as distinctly and simply 'as I can, the grounds on which I have come to the conclusion, 'that the doctrine of God's election, as taught in the Bible, is altogether different from, and opposed to, that which has passed 'under the name of the Doctrine of Election, and been received 'as such, by a great part of the professing church, through many 'ages.' p. 1. In such an attempt, it became him, of course, to set out with an exhibition of the doctrine, as he conceives it to be generally held; and accordingly, in the next page, he gives the following statement.

'The doctrine of election generally held, is, that God, according to His own inscrutable purpose, has from all eternity chosen in Christ, and predestinated unto salvation, a certain number of individuals out of the fallen race of Adam; and that, in pursuance of this purpose, as these individuals come into the world, He in due season visits them by a peculiar operation of His Spirit, thereby justifying, and sanctifying and saving them; whilst He passeth by the rest of the race, unvisited by that peculiar operation of the Spirit, and so abandoned to their sins and their punishment. It is also an essential part of the doctrine, that the peculiar operation of the Spirit, by which God draws the elect unto Himself, is held to be alike irresistible and indispensable in the work of salvation, so that those to whom it is applied, cannot be lost, and those to whom it is not applied, cannot be saved; whilst all the outward calls of the gospel, and what are named common operations of the Spirit, which are granted to the reprobate as well as to the elect, are, when unaccompanied by that peculiar operation, ineffectual to salvation, and do only aggravate the condemnation of the reprobate.'

On this statement we shall make no remarks at present, nor say whether or not this is exactly 'The Doctrine of Election,' as

held by ourselves. We shall rather permit our author to describe the workings of his mind in relation to a system, which, it appears, he 'held for many years.'

'I held this doctrine for many years, modified, however inconsistently, by the belief of God's love to all, and of Christ having died for all—and yet, when I look back on the state of my mind during that period, I feel that it would be truer to say, I submitted to it, than that I believed it. I submitted to it, because I did not see how the language of the 9th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and of a few similar passages, could bear any other interpretation; and yet I could not help feeling, that, on account of what appeared to be the meaning of these few difficult passages, I was giving up the plain and obvious meaning of all the rest of the Bible, which seems continually, in the most unequivocal language and in every page, to say to every man, 'See I have set before thee this day, life and good, death and evil, therefore choose life that thou mayest live.' I could not help feeling, that if the above representation were true, then that on which a real and righteous responsibility in man can alone be founded, was wanting; and the slothful servant had reason, when, in vindication of his unprofitableness, he said, 'I knew thee, that Thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed.' Above all, I could not help feeling that if God were such as that doctrine described Him, then the Creator of every man was not the friend of every man, nor the righteous object of confidence to every man; and that when Christ was preached to sinners, the whole truth of God was not preached to them, for that there was something behind Christ in the mind of God, giving Him to one, and withholding Him from another, so that the ministry of reconciliation was only an appendix to a deeper and more dominant ministry, in which God appeared simply as a Sovereign without any moral attribute, and man was dealt with as a mere creature of necessity, without any real responsibility.'—pp. 3—5.

In default of any satisfaction from the ordinary ways of rebuking these unquiet thoughts, our author has been driven to the necessity of devising an entirely new scheme; not denying or deprecating the doctrine of election, as some have done, but giving it another form,—and a form of which, to the best of our recollection, we have not spoken untruly in calling it 'entirely new.' But let our readers judge. After expounding Jeremiah's parable of the potter, and several other passages, he writes as follows.

'I now saw the doctrine of election clearly; for I saw that the vessel unto dishonour was the reprobate vessel, and that the vessel unto honour was the elect vessel, and that under these figures, the first Adam and the second Adam, the flesh and the spirit are set forth.

'The first Adam was created for glory, honour, and immortality, as God's vicegerent upon the earth; but by following his own will, sepa-

rate from and independent of God's will, he was rejected and fell under the sentence of degradation and death, and thus became a vessel unto dishonour. And the second Adam, by following not his own will, but the will of the Father, and accepting the punishment of death, as the Father's righteous judgment on the flesh, was raised from the dead to a glorious immortality, as the Father's vicegerent, instead of the first Adam, and thus became a vessel unto honour. This is the Reprobation and the Election.

'We are not, then, to think of God as looking upon two men and choosing righteousness for the one and unrighteousness for the other. The desire of God is always for righteousness. And so the election in Christ is indeed the coming forth of God's desire that all should be righteous, as we shall see more fully afterwards.

'The first Adam, who is the antitype of Saul, is rejected like him from the favour of God, and from being king; but still he is not taken out of the way, he is still permitted to retain his power: the flesh still reigns. The Second Adam, who is the true David, is elected into his place, and honoured with the favour of God, and with the kingly office; but his power is not yet manifested; He is still, like David, seeking where to lay his head. Both these kings are in the world, under the character of the flesh and the spirit—the one, the reprobate head; the other, the elect head; and they are so in the world, that every individual may join himself to, and identify himself with, the one or the other, according to his own choice. And those who follow the flesh partake in its reprobation, and those who follow the spirit partake of its election. The sentence of dishonour and death passed on the first Adam is the decree of reprobation, by which flesh, with the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, is for ever excluded from the favour and kingdom of God; as it is written, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.' 1 Cor. xv. 50. And whoever would escape from the reprobation, must escape from that on which the reprobation lies, even flesh with the life thereof. And the promise of an eternal kingdom to the Messiah, is the decree of election, 'I will be his Father, and he shall be my Son; and I will not take away my mercy from him, as I took it from him that was before thee, but I will settle him in my house and in my kingdom for ever, and his throne shall be established for evermore.' 1 Chron. xvii. 13. And whoever would partake in the election, must abide in Him on whom the election lies, according to that word, 'There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.' Rom. viii. 1. And all the benedictions in the Bible are addressed to Christ's Spirit, and to the partakers in it; for example, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit;' 'Blessed are they that mourn,' &c. And these benedictions are nothing else than declarations of that decree of election which limits the favour of God to the righteous spirit of the Righteous Head. The election is on the righteous One, and as a man becomes righteous through Christ the righteous head dwelling in him by faith, so also does he become elect.—pp. 34—38.

That Mr. Erskine's view of God's election is diametrically 'opposed to' the common doctrine is thus, at a glance, sufficiently obvious. It is to the illustration and support of this view, and especially to the somewhat difficult business of interpreting the epistle to the Romans in harmony with it, that his labours are devoted, more or less directly, throughout the volume before us. It would be preposterous for us to affirm, that such a man as Mr. Erskine had written nearly six hundred pages (for such is the bulk of the book, in 12mo), and not said many things true and excellent. But, in our judgment, he is far from having accomplished his purpose, either by general argument, or by scriptural criticism. Some of his 'translations,' as he calls them—(he admits that they are *rather* 'free')—are absolutely astounding. We take only a sample at random, when we cite Romans viii. 28. 'For we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose:' the latter part of which he thus renders—'to them who love God, *to them who obey the call to enter into his purpose.*' p. 394. The following extract will show that some of his arguments are no better.

'But some one will say—this is true, but we must go farther back, to see what is the cause of this difference among men. What makes one man follow the reprobate head, and another follow the elect head? We may seek to go farther back, but God does not go farther back; He has provided man with ability, and He lays the use of that ability to man's own door. Thus in accounting for a wicked man's turning away from his wickedness, He merely says, '*Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his transgressions, he shall surely live.*' Ezek. xviii. 29. And in like manner, in accounting for a wicked man continuing in his wickedness, He merely says, '*Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded,*' &c. Prov. i. 24.

'The difficulty that men feel in this matter, is nothing else than the difficulty which they have in believing that God really has made a responsible creature with the power of choice between flesh and spirit, to whom he can truly and reasonably say, '*I have set before thee, this day, life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life.*'" p. 39.

We have not quoted this passage, to express our dissent from *all* that it contains. On the contrary, it has an obvious mixture of important truth. But its weakness lies here, that the author refuses 'to go farther back' than the *actions* of men, and to inquire into the *cause* of existing differences. He tells us that 'God does not go farther back.' But, however true this may be in the case of the wicked, it is far from being so, we conceive, in the case of the righteous. We cannot relinquish our belief in that gracious *originating* influence, by which the Lord 'opened

'the heart' of Lydia, and performs, as we hold to be declared in sacred writ, the same needful and most merciful office, for all who manifest a love to his name. To maintain that a choice in all cases absolutely independent of divine influence is indispensable to responsibility, is, we think, philosophically taking untenable ground; while, to maintain a choice of *holiness*, apart from divine influence, is giving a glory to the sinner, which, notwithstanding all that Mr. Erskine has written, we must yet give to the Saviour.

We shall not go further into what we deem the very unsatisfactory interpretations and reasonings of Mr. Erskine; nor attempt to disport ourselves among the speculations, on almost all points of theology, which meet us at every turn in his very desultory and tiresome book. We wish rather to devote the brief space we may yet occupy to a few remarks on the general topic which he has, in our judgment, so unsuccessfully handled.

We beg to recall the attention of our readers, then, to our author's statement of the doctrine of election, as he conceives it to be 'generally held.' It involves, according to him, such a 'peculiar operation of the Spirit,' that those who are 'unvisited' with it are 'abandoned to their sins and their punishment,' and 'cannot be saved.' p. 3. Now we are bound to receive Mr. Erskine's testimony that *he* 'held this doctrine for many years;' and we will admit further, that it has been held by many besides himself: but we must say, likewise, that a more extensive knowledge of the religious world, and of the progress of theological discussion, would have informed this estimable writer, that, by a very considerable portion of the church of Christ, the doctrine of election, though held firmly, is not *so* held as he states it. There are many who believe, and we confess ourselves of the number, that, while the salvation of some is secured by electing love and a 'peculiar operation of the Spirit,' there are none who are 'abandoned to their sins and their punishment,' or who cannot be saved.' In this respect, we feel with our author, that the sacred scriptures present insurmountable obstacles to the holding of such an opinion; nor could we maintain the doctrine of election in any sense which could be shown to involve it. We are quite at a loss to understand, however, why the doctrine of election should be supposed to involve any such consequence. There are only two points upon which this question turns, and we will take the liberty of saying a few words upon each of them.

The first of these relates to the extent and influence of the death of Christ. Doubtless he died for the elect, with a peculiarity of design corresponding to the peculiarity of that dispensation of the Spirit, which was to be founded upon it. But the scriptures not less explicitly declare, that he 'gave himself a

ransom for *all*,' and that his Father 'gave' him for '*the world*.' Nor do they leave us at any loss concerning the design with which he died 'for all;' both clearly defining it in itself, and distinguishing it from that which relates to the church. We beg the reader to mark this in the following passages. 'Christ loved *the church*, and gave himself *for it*, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy, and without blemish.' Eph. v. 25—27. Let the design here specified concerning '*the church*,' be compared with that stated in John iii. 16, in relation to '*the world*.' 'God so loved *the world*, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The latter portions of these two passages, (and they are samples of *classes* of passages), are far from being of similar import. The former announces a design *to save*; the latter a design *to give an opportunity of salvation*. The former foreshows a work *to be accomplished*; the latter, a condition *to be instituted*. The former indicates a result *secured*; the latter, a probationary hope. High calvinistic writers have insisted on it, that, in John iii. 16, '*the world*' means '*the church*.' We have always thought this a matter of infatuation; since the design there expressed cannot, by any possibility, be taken as the design of God *towards the church*. Let it only be thus read, 'God so loved *the church* as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever (of the church, namely,) believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Not to insist on the obvious implication here, that there would, or might be, some of *the church* who would not believe, and who would therefore perish (a result of his eagerness in which the high calvinist can find but little gratification), it is enough to say, that this language does not convey the scriptural idea of God's purpose towards the church. He means that *they* shall be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation, his own Spirit being engaged in covenant, to fulfil in them all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power. The design which the passage announces, therefore, fixes its application, not to the church, but to the world. It is in exact conformity with the position of the world. Christ 'gave himself a ransom for all,' to this end and effect, 'that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

If there is then nothing in the doctrine of election incompatible with a provision being made for the salvation of all men, so neither is there any thing in it inconsistent with their ability to embrace this provision. It is true, that the people of God are made '*willing in the day of his power*,' and that the Lord '*opens their hearts*,' as he did Lydia's, to attend to the things which

belong to their peace. But it does not therefore follow, that those who have not this special visitation are unable to lay hold on the hope set before them. In this respect Mr. Erskine announces an important truth, when he says, in a passage already quoted, that God 'has provided man with ability;' although we cannot agree with him in his view of the ability provided. Whether man's ability consists, according to the Armenians, in a portion of the Spirit's influence given to every man 'to profit withal,' or, according to our author, in 'Christ's being in every man, as the light and the life,' or in any other particular elements, may be fair matter of discussion. For our parts, we do not see why the possession of rational powers should not be held to qualify a man for doing the whole of his duty, and amidst the ample provisions of divine mercy, for securing the whole of his welfare. That this is the case with respect to temporal things, is undeniable; nor can it be questioned that eternal things make a direct and most powerful appeal to our rational faculties, as well as things temporal. If we were to employ these powers on divine subjects, and with a view to the production of religious effects, why should we not succeed? Is there any reason why such an effort should fail of a proportionate sequel? The machinery with which God has endowed us, for the control of our passions, and the moulding of our character, is the power of voluntary thought, and we are continually using it for the purpose for which it was given. Let it be supposed, then, that a person is employing his power of voluntary thought, in contemplating such objects as are fitted to awaken sorrow for sin, love to God, renunciation of the world, and dedication to Christ. Why should he not succeed? Can any one affirm that he would not? Has the method ever been tried, and come short of its effect?

We are not at all afraid, by this line of observation, of any inconsistency with the scriptural doctrine of divine influence, or of dishonouring the blessed agent by whom it is applied. Were the question asked, if the use of the rational powers be sufficient to lead men to God, why is the Spirit given to the elect? we should reply, because they *will not* use their rational powers without it. It is the same with the rest of the world. They will not use their rational powers for the production of religion, and hence their continued impenitence. But no one surely will affirm that men *cannot* use their rational powers; nor, therefore, that they cannot do whatever the use of their rational powers would accomplish. In truth, according to the scriptures, to engage men to the use of their rational powers is the very office of the Spirit; for we are told that the Lord opened Lydia's heart, 'that she attended to the things spoken' by Paul. Acts xvi. 14.

It is in the use of their rational powers, therefore, that men are

to flee from the wrath to come; and it is by the possession of rational powers that they become capable of doing so. The ability, consequently, is universal; and as there is salvation provided for all, so are all able to embrace it. And all this is in perfect consistency with the doctrine of election, which may thus be held, as we do not doubt it is held, by a number already great, and continually increasing, without holding the incredible and antisciptural notions that any part of the world 'cannot be saved,' or are 'abandoned to their sins and their punishment.' We have the rather made these remarks, although the importance of the subject itself would have precluded the necessity of any apology, because we are very desirous that the doctrine of election should be no less firmly maintained than it has ever been. Should it, for a time, be held somewhat loosely by a few, it would only be another instance of that pendulum-like movement of the human mind, which has been so often observed, and by which opinions vibrate from one extreme to another, instead of finding repose at the centre. Sometimes we have been fearful of this, and we may, perhaps, be permitted to give utterance to a serious caution upon the subject. The broad truths which lie at the foundation of God's universal government are of infinite moment; but of no less moment and excellency are those truths also, which relate to his sovereign and gracious dealings with 'his people, his chosen.'

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- Art. VIII. 1. *Post Office Reform; its Importance and Practicability.* By ROWLAND HILL. C. Knight, Ludgate-street. Third Edition.
2. *Facts and Reasons in support of Mr. Rowland Hill's Plan for a Universal Penny Postage.* By W. H. ASHURST. Hooper, Pall Mall, East.
3. *The Post Circular.* Published in Weekly Numbers. By HOOPER, Pall Mall East.
4. *First Report from the Select Committee on Postage; together with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. April 4th, 1838.

THE first of these interesting pamphlets discloses, and the second ably supports, a plan which has excited much attention, not only in high quarters, among the members of the government and of the houses of Parliament, but throughout the whole empire. It proposes such a decided improvement both in regard to speed and cost, and is founded on calculations so novel and unsuspected, in the systematic communication by letter amongst the people, that it has naturally excited their curiosity,

and created an earnest anxiety to see it, if possible, carried into effect. We confess, we feel deeply indebted to Mr. Hill for his exertions, and confidently hope that the members of the government will be induced to listen to the petitions of the people presented from all quarters of the realm, praying for its adoption. We attribute great value to all improvements which facilitate communication whether of persons or of ideas, physical or intellectual; as we are satisfied, that the most important religious and moral results have been and will be deduced from an increased intercourse between the different provinces of our country, as well as between that and the various continental states. The rail-road is only second to the printing-press in the utility of its powers; and the post-office, such as Mr. Hill demonstrates it might be made, would become their great and valuable ally.

A systematic regulated communication by *post*, or by fixed stations and arranged conveyances, for the constant, secure, and rapid transmission of intelligence, appears, at its first introduction among the nations of antiquity and of modern Europe, to have been used for the dispatch of news to and from the seat of government, and only for the *purposes* of government. Mr. Macculloch, in his useful and laborious 'Dictionary of Commerce,' refers to Herodotus, as showing the existence of such a system among the ancient Persians, and to various authorities stating its establishment among the Romans by Augustus and his successors. He then observes, that 'Posts appear to have been established, for the first time, in modern Europe, in 1477, by Louis XI. They were originally intended to serve merely, as the ancient posts, for the conveyance of public despatches, and of persons travelling by authority of government. Subsequently, however, private individuals were allowed to avail themselves of this institution. The post-office was not established in England till the seventeenth century. Post-masters, indeed, existed in more ancient times; but their business was confined to the furnishing of post-horses to persons who were desirous of travelling expeditiously, and to the despatching of extraordinary packets upon special occasions. In 1635, Charles I. erected a letter-office for England and Scotland; but this extended only to a few principal roads. This establishment did not succeed; and at the breaking out of the civil war, great difficulty was experienced in the forwarding of letters. At length a post-office or establishment for the weekly conveyance of letters to all parts of the kingdom, was instituted in 1649, by Mr. Edward Prideaux, attorney-general for the commonwealth. In 1657, the post-office was established nearly on its present footing, and the rates of postage that were then fixed were continued till the reign of Queen Anne.

'From the establishment of the post-office by Cromwell, down to

‘1784, mails were conveyed either on horseback, or in carts made for the purpose, and, instead, of being the most expeditious and safest conveyance, the post had become, at the latter period, one of the slowest and most easily robbed of any in the country. Under these circumstances, it occurred to Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, comptroller general of the post-office, that a very great improvement might be made in the conveyance of letters, in respect of economy, as well as of speed and safety, by contracting with the proprietors of the coaches for the carriage of the mail; the latter being bound to perform the journey in a specified time, and to take a guard with the mail for its protection. The consequences have proved most beneficial. The use of mail-coaches has extended to every part of the empire; and while the mail is conveyed in less than half the time that was required by the old system, the coaches by which it is conveyed afford by their regularity and speed, a most desirable mode of travelling.’ The history of this valuable suggestion affords a useful hint with reference to the mode in which Mr. Hill’s plan has been met in certain quarters, and demonstrates the species of authority that is due to merely *practical* men. It vividly shows how completely similar are the views entertained by official minds of all descriptions, and in all times, and how extremely dangerous is any reliance upon them, with reference to any matters out of their beaten track.

‘The government,’ says a writer in the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ heartily approved the plan, and the public at large were satisfied of its utility, *yet like all new schemes, however beneficial, it met with a strong opposition: it was represented by a number of the oldest and ablest officers in the post-office, not only as impracticable, but dangerous to commerce and the revenue.** Notwithstanding this opposition, however, it was, at last established and gradually extended to many different parts of the kingdom; and upon a fair comparison, it appeared, that the *revenue was improved*, and the plan itself *executed for £20,000 per annum less* than the sum first intimated by Mr. Palmer.’

A review of the history of the post-office establishment from its invention by Cyrus† to the present time, will show that it has gradually advanced in the extent of its application and mode of its management with the increased urgency of the demands of commerce and intelligence among the people. Confined at its introduction to the use of the ruling powers, it was by degrees applied to national purposes as the wants of commerce and the progress of

* Precisely the same objection has been made from, a similar quarter, to Mr. Hill’s plan; and, we doubt not, experience will prove with exactly the same justice.

† Xenoph. Cyrop. lib. 3.

knowledge required its aid. The present era of society, peculiarly, and honourably, and happily distinguished as it is, for very wide and increasing diffusion of the arts of reading and writing among the mass of the population, no less, than for the vast commercial undertakings, which are the result of great united capital, skill and enterprise, demands an instrument for the swift and cheap conveyance of intelligence more efficient than is possessed at present; admirable and useful, in many respects, as that unquestionably is. The mighty, nay, the marvellous, improvements which have been made during the present century, in what may be termed *physical* communication, presenting facilities for the transport of persons and goods as wonderful as they are beneficial, naturally direct the public attention to the system employed for *moral* communication, which realizes the noble vision of the great poet, and, now, may be justly said to

‘Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.’

In this public anxiety, we cordially concur; as we feel that considerations of much deeper, importance than any merely fiscal advantages or commercial arrangements, are involved in any plan calculated materially to facilitate correspondence. The mere difference in the amount of the tax, *if its consequences terminated in the payment*, would hardly induce us to devote our pages to an inquiry upon the subject; but if the results of the excessive postage charge be injurious to the best interests of society, the question of its reduction assumes a character which takes it out of the peculiar province of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and requires that the voice of all that portion of the public who feel strongly concerned for the religious and moral, no less than the temporal, benefit of their fellow-creatures, should be lifted up against it.

The chief moral evils of the present enormously high rate of postage appear to us to be;

1st. The check thereby presented to correspondence in general, but, especially among the *poor*.

2nd. The impediment thrown in the way of religious societies, and literary and scientific bodies, and of institutions calculated to induce valuable moral habits, such as assurance and benefit associations.

3rd. The injury to literature, by the increased cost and difficulty of correcting proofs, the expense of advertising, &c.

4th. The bad consequences which arise from an habitual violation of the law by all ranks of society.

We shall submit a few remarks upon each of these heads; and then describe Mr. Hill's plan, which professes to remedy these evils among others.

1st. The power of communicating his thoughts, is one of the

most valuable privileges which the Creator has bestowed on man. It is by intellectual co-operation that the gradual subjugation of the material elements of nature has been effected; and every facility that is afforded for such intellectual co-operation, tends directly and necessarily to increase his physical power. But the union of mind and mind is productive of even more important results in the *moral* advantages which flow from it. The ignorant are instructed, and the degraded are elevated, by being subjected to the influence of the wise and good; and men learn to value what is mutually excellent in each other, upon being brought into near contact. The despotic rulers, and priestly deceivers, of mankind have been 'wise in their generation,' when throwing every possible difficulty in the way of mental and moral communication. The clouds of prejudice are dispersed before the warmth of personal knowledge, and the natural sympathies of humanity destroy the merely artificial effects of mistaught bigotry. But the *social* affections are only an enlargement of the *domestic*. It is in the family circle, around the hearth of *home*, that we learn our duties to our kind, by the sweet instincts implanted in us by that all-wise Maker of our nature who has linked by so indissoluble a tie our interests and our obligations, our virtue and our happiness. The softening influence, the deeply implanted lessons of maternal piety and sisterly fondness, retain their power through life, and compel even the abandoned reprobate on the scaffold to evince it, when all his agony and shame are concentrated on the reflected misery of his 'poor Mother!' What a powerful instrument for the creation and the *support* of virtue and happiness, is impeded by any regulations which obstruct the continued operation of these parental instructions and family endearments, after the necessities of life have scattered the former inmates from their home in the various avocations of the world! In an excellent letter by a 'country clergyman,' published in the 'Post Circular,'* the author touchingly says:—

'The moral advantages of frequent communication by letter, I rate very highly; as one of the best securities for good conduct, where young people have been well brought up, is the preservation of home feelings in all their freshness, and the nurturing and cherishing of all the pure and wholesome influences that belong to the family relations. Give me a girl who left the parent's roof pure, and as long as she writes freely to her mother, I shall scarcely fear for her virtue. Give me a youth who finds pleasure in devoting a spare half-hour in the evening to the sister whom he has left behind him, and though he be a hundred miles off, there is a chain upon him which, if it does not hold him back from evil, will check him in the pursuit of it. Now, when

* No. VI. May 4, 1833.

one considers the field to which these observations refer, the immense scale upon which the enormous tax upon letters is working mischief, in separating the nearest friends, and insulating, during the most critical period of life, those who want every help to strengthen them against temptation, *I really feel that the economical part of the question is quite suspended by the moral part*; and, even, if the million and a half were sacrificed, the gain would be immense.'

And a gentleman well known for his sincere attachment to the cause of religious truth, and the dissemination of knowledge, makes the following valuable remarks through the medium of the same publication :—

'You, my dear friend, who know Mr. ——— are aware, that his family have been trained up from their childhood to give instruction to the children of the poor wherein they are placed; and, in all places, where they are located they are cheerfully and intelligently employed in giving Sunday School and religious instruction to the children of the poor families in their several neighbourhoods. Suppose these children had a power to communicate a slight thought, originating in the changed aspect, or some other circumstances of some one who had hitherto been wayward, whose habits had been changed, who had turned from sullenness to cheerfulness, and fierce defiance to placid obedience. These are scenes which I can assure you frequently come under our observation in these towns arising, we hope and believe, from the example and precepts of those young people who undertake the gratuitous task of instructing them. You must try and imagine what that result would be if this family of children were thus to communicate, no one can do it so well as yourself. You know that a simple and humble thought has often led to the most powerful results. The post-office tax entirely shuts out the communication of mind between this amiable and affectionate family, and whenever they do write to their parents or to one another, they sit down under the idea, that they must write a *letter*, that their father may think *worth the postage*. The short line expressed from the heart, at the moment, would be worth twenty such letters! *The government by such a course is taking the most effectual step to estrange from each other the very best members that constitute any community.*'

And Mr. Brankston, a gentleman of long experience in the conduct of an important department of one of the largest houses of its kind in England (Leaf, Coles, and Co., Old Change), and having one hundred and forty young persons constantly under his observation, gave with much earnestness and feeling the following evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, which has been inquiring some months upon this subject, and has collected and published most valuable various information. Mr. Brankston says :—

'I would not consider the reduction of postage, simply as a commercial

transaction, *but I would take it morally, and religiously, and socially*; and I will venture to say, that the revenue of the post-office will be higher and greater than it is now, when it is considered what will be the enormous increase from those at present incapable of sending letters through the post-office, in consequence of their poverty. Out of one hundred and forty young persons in our house, there are not more, on an average, than two in a day receive a post letter; but they receive their letters in other ways. Looking abroad in the world, looking at Northumberland, considering their pastoral habits, living in comfort and decency, their sons and daughters come to us very young, they cannot afford to pay this rate of postage, they are sent abroad, some from the humblest, and some from the most respectable classes, and from those, if the rate was low, the increase would be enormous, *and of a highly moral and highly social tendency*. We have many young people here who have not any salaries for three or four years, officers' sons and others who come to us for five years, for nothing, and wherever our young men have any connexions, they are obtaining franks, which are always in request. There are thousands and tens of thousands living separate from their children, who have no means of communicating with them in consequence of the high rate of postage; every feeling of philanthropy as well as commerce requires there should be a reduction of postage. *I have seen much of the evils resulting from that in the young persons in our establishment. I fear that the want of communication with their parents has led, in some instances, to vice and profligacy, which might have been prevented.*

But, perhaps, it may be thought, that the poor would not take advantage of the privilege proposed to be conferred upon them; and are not duly sensible of its inestimable value. All the evidence which has been adduced before the Committee, tends to show how bitterly the privation is felt, and with what grateful promptitude its destruction would be welcomed and met. Thus in the case of soldiers, who are allowed the privilege of sending letters for a penny, which Mr. Hill desires to extend to *all* classes of the community,—Captain Bentham said, that

'Soldiers most highly appreciated the privilege, and that many of them learnt to write expressly for the purpose of writing their own letters. That it made them much more valuable members of a regiment, and that he knew they generally corresponded with their relations. That if they had to pay the present high rate of postage, he thought it would almost entirely destroy their correspondence. That he did not think one letter in thirty would be written, certainly not one in twenty. That the men who had most correspondence, were well behaved men, in a military point of view.'

Another gentleman who was examined before the Committee, said,

'I had a conversation the other day, with our postman; my wife was paying for a letter, and she made a remark as to the cost; his reply was, 'yes, it is a good thing you can afford to pay for it; for I assure

'you my heart bleeds when I take letters to the poor. I have known them go and pawn their goods to pay for the postage of a letter, when they have wished to have it; that is a matter that has frequently occurred.'

And a clergyman in Yorkshire stated,

'By the present heavy rates of postage, the poor are virtually debarred from all knowledge of, or intercourse with, their distant friends and relatives. Any parochial clergyman who mixes at all with his people will readily recollect, how frequently he has been called by a poor parishioner to write or direct a letter to some absent son, some sick parent; and the request has been followed up by an entreaty for a little help towards the postage' which is so heavy, and which 'they cannot raise.'

The advantages would be especially felt, now that *emigration* is increasing so much among the people. All the arguments founded on the above statements are strengthened ten-fold. The postage becomes under these circumstances, at present, quite suppressive of correspondence, and, yet, the necessity for it also becomes greater than ever. The instances, to which we have referred (and which might be multiplied, if our pages permitted) must convince the most sceptical, and touch the most indifferent to the importance of diminishing the rates on postage as far as regards its dreadfully injurious operation on the poor.

2nd. With regard to the serious difficulties thrown in the way of religious, moral, and scientific associations, the effects thus produced are very ably summed up by Mr. Ashurst in the pamphlet of which the title is given at the head of this article. That gentleman justly observes, that

'It would often be highly important with reference to religious and educational purposes, to address the dissenting ministers of the country as well as the clergy; but, although, there is a dissenting minister in nearly every parish in the kingdom, there are no means of knowing his name so as to address him, although it would often be highly important. The clergyman and overseer of the establishment can be addressed officially, but letters cannot now be addressed to the dissenting ministers in each parish or place where there is a chapel, and under present arrangements, it is perhaps as well for him that he is thus protected from the infliction of postage, but let it be supposed, that a penny postage, and the just protection of prepayment are obtained, and lists prepared, periodically, of the names of the various dissenting ministers in England, what immense advantages would result. A mode of cheap organization would be presented to the dissenting interest in England, and to the ministers and members of every religious body. The facility with which they might be appealed to in aid of any good work, and with which they might direct their efforts simultaneously, will be obvious; they will be protected by prepayment of letters against involuntary expense, and their periodical reports to a

common centre, of the religious progress of their several circles or circuits will be most advantageous and useful ; how readily this will enable them to promote Sunday-schools, and their other educational and interesting social objects ; and wherever the good and the careful might see the bad and improvident working moral injury, they could consult those to whom they look for counsel and aid, and bring their united judgment and efforts to bear against the mischief. They could have readily, easily, and cheaply, and to men with their limited incomes and deep obligation to train their families intellectually and with habits of respectability, this last is an important consideration, they could have readily and cheaply the knowledge of the movements in their own religious circle ; and the great advantage to every one in connexion, of having with certainty and ease, recent and cheap news upon those subjects in which he takes a deep interest, and of which he may himself be said to form a part, need only be brought into view to be admitted.'—p. 54.

He then refers to evidence adduced by the officers of the Religious Tract Society, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The former showed, that the

'Correspondence of his institution extends to every part of the world, and they have been particularly inconvenienced by the charge on the printed reports of their foreign auxiliaries, which are, with the letters, placed in the post-office bag, and are charged from six or seven shillings up to eight or nine pounds for the inland postage of parcels whose intrinsic value does not exceed one or two shillings ; the consequence is the packet is refused, and the waste paper is all the government obtain, *and thus the intercourse between kindred societies is paralyzed.*'

And Mr. Saintsbury says,

'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has attempted the plan of issuing a quarterly report, a brief statement of the operations of the society and extracts from its correspondence. They would, probably, do that monthly, if they could do it without any great expense, the principal cost being the cost of transmission ; such brief statements, in the majority of instances, we should send by post ; at present, we send the major part by coach parcels. I have no hesitation in saying, we should employ the post-office, except about ten or twelve parcels.

Mr. Ashurst has, also, well summed up the injury inflicted on scientific institutions. He says,

'There are various societies existing, whose objects can only be effectually promoted by eliciting from the operatives in the various branches of science and the arts the knowledge which hourly familiarity with practical subjects has supplied to their minds. The operatives are engaged in working out the principles of science ; and, though they may not always connect the theory or principles with the practice, still they are constantly marking coincidences by which they learn what *is* and frequently are enabled of themselves to trace causation, and

where they cannot they can supply the facts by which other minds may be enabled to trace the cause, and thus enlarge the field of science, and open new fields of activity. But their knowledge in multitudes of cases dies with them, because their education does not enable them to convey their knowledge to educated men of science, who could use their facts, and carry forward the results of the great teacher, experience.' —p. 48.

Mr. Ashurst refers to the institution of civil engineers as a striking example in support of this view. After clearly pointing out several most important desiderata in mechanical science which this society is admirably and easily adapted to investigate, but which it is prevented from doing, by the expense of transmitting inquiries and replies, he concludes with the following testimony of Mr. Webster, the secretary.

'The great difficulty and great impediment now is to concentrate the knowledge of facts possessed in various parts of the kingdom; the mass of knowledge possessed by the manufacturers of the north is quite inconceivable; they possess immense masses of facts which if they could be concentrated, would tend rapidly to the settlement of points about which little is now known. It is from workmen or persons a little above them, that we mostly want practical information. There are no facilities for the communication of knowledge; and the result is, that there is no attempt made to collect and concentrate the knowledge distributed in different manufactories. I believe, that after a few years, the mass of matter collected is inconceivable; the sending notes of this kind, and queries, and getting answers to them, would lead to the accumulation of facts in every department of science.'

To these powerful statements we will add, that it is of great importance, that the directors of benefit associations should be able to communicate often with the members; but such associations are now seriously crippled, and sometimes completely destroyed, from not being able to enjoy this advantage through the high rate of postage. How desirable too would it be, if Literary institutions could easily and cheaply communicate! By this means, great economy might be introduced into their operations, as the best lecturers would be soon discovered, and arrangements might be made for the same course of lectures being delivered to three or four institutions, at the same time. Every facility should be afforded, indeed, to the free and uninterrupted intercourse between literary and scientific bodies. By this means, the active intelligence of the empire will be working harmoniously; similar societies will not be engaged in the same inquiries unknown to each other, facts ascertained by one will not remain a secret to another, but which, if known, would have materially assisted the investigations of that other; and, in short, there will be no longer any serious *waste* of time, knowledge, and money.

3rd. But the interests of literature and science are injured, to an extent little suspected by those not personally acquainted with the fact, in other ways than those just stated by the want of a cheap postage. The united testimony of such publishers as Mr. Richard Taylor, Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles Knight, and Mr. Whittaker, with others, shows the effect of postage upon scientific and literary works. The first named gentleman (the printer and conductor of the 'Philosophical Magazine') says, 'that the present rates are a serious impediment to the interchange of thought among scientific men, many of whom are in very humble circumstances. With cheap postage, they would communicate by post as freely as they converse when they have the means of meeting. The contributions to the scientific journals are short but numerous, transmitted from all parts of the kingdom, and every one of these pays a large postage for the correspondence previous to it, for itself and its enclosures, *sometimes subjecting it to treble and quadruple rates for discussions with the editor and for the transmissions of proof sheets and revises.*' This last item of expense is, also, shown by Mr. Parker, to be very serious, who says, 'that he was printing two works, of *which the postage would amount to twelve per cent. on the composition.*' The consequence which often follows, is that accuracy is sacrificed to expense. A correspondent to the Mercantile Committee says, 'that the bookseller is induced not to send a revise and trusts to a reader on the spot, whereby errors are made which could have been avoided had not the weight of postage been a barrier. If a cheap rate were established, English books now admitted to be the most beautiful, would be also the most accurate.' Nor is this all. If circulars could be transmitted for one penny to every quarter of the kingdom, the means of rendering valuable works known to the public would be increased to an extent equally great and beneficial. At present, the serious expense of advertising or posting very much diminishes this opportunity of publication. Mr. Charles Knight after stating, 'that if a cheap postage were adopted, he should send out monthly 1860 circulars to respectable booksellers,' says, 'we publish a work that is having a very large circulation, the 'Pictorial Bible;' it is a Bible with notes which, not being doctrinal, suit every class of the religious community: patronized equally by the members of the Church of England, by Wesleyans, Independents, &c. There is no difficulty in obtaining a list of all the clergymen in England; there is no great difficulty in obtaining a very complete list of all the Dissenting Ministers, to all those I should send a circular, that, alone, would dispose of twenty thousand. Seeing that one hundred thousand might be sent for four hundred pounds, I should think that by far the most efficient mode of advertising that could be adopted. I consider, that availing myself of the advantage of the post to distribute such circulars,

'I should send out, at least, one hundred thousand annually.' Similar testimony was given by other eminent publishers. The cause of literature would, therefore, be deeply indebted to any plan for cheapening the postage, and its own stores would, probably, be enriched by the increase of letters thereby induced. In an interesting article in a recent number* of the 'Edinburgh Review,' it is well observed, that 'every improvement in the post-office will augment indefinitely the supply, out of which this delightful supplement of modern literature [familiar letters] must be derived. Our present state of society wants its realities to be confirmed, its individualities to be manifested, its domestic affections to be cherished. Towards all this, good letters in their several ways powerfully contribute.'

4th. But the evil does not rest here. A habit is produced of constant evasion, nay, defiance of the law through all classes of society, which is no less injurious in its effects, than utterly incapable of being repressed. When the premium on smuggling is so great, and when the general feeling of society is arrayed in such strong opposition to a tax, as in this case, a wise legislature knows that the time is come for its instant repeal. We hold it of the deepest importance, equally in a religious, moral, and social point of view, that the people should be habituated to a reverence for the *law*, as, though there may be (as we readily allow there are) many provisions of it which are inconsistent with enlightened views of the genuine objects and duties of government, yet these provisions must gradually give way before the advancing intelligence of the people, and the diffusion of sound religious knowledge amongst them. But the *habit* of obedience gives the *enlightened* legislator a sanction for his regulations, to which he will look in vain for any adequate substitute. Except, therefore, on points of deep import, where conscience speaks strongly in opposition to the law, and the laws of God and of man are at complete variance, we are urgent advocates for strict obedience of the law. And, yet, we feel that it is impossible to attempt with any hope of success to put a stop to the evasion of the postage regulations. The exigencies of commerce, the irrepressible sympathies of the human heart, which spite of all the foolish and wicked obstacles of governments, *will*, to some degree, find way for expression, are against us; and we yield the struggle with a full consciousness of the hopelessness of any efforts to oppose them. *The only remedy is repeal of the law.* The evil of this *one* breach as leading to others, and as depriving the advocate for *universal* submission, of the charm and unity of his argument, is well put in the letter by a 'country clergyman,' to which we have before referred. He says, 'if

* October 1837. On Serjeant Talfourd's Edition of 'Lamb's Letters.'

‘persons are tempted to *one* such breach of the law, though it be ‘the smallest and most venial of all (which all things considered ‘I esteem this to be), in some cases, the way may be ‘paved for ‘others; and when this evil does not result, *the man who allows ‘himself in this, can less easily protest in society against others.* ‘I have had my mouth stopped, when I have been protesting ‘strongly against more serious evasions of the revenue laws as disgraceful to those who practise them by the question;—‘Pray do ‘you never send letters otherwise than through the post office?’ *The truth is the charm is broken*—the virtue of perfect obedience is destroyed—and the depth of the wisdom of the instruction ‘not to offend in *one* thing, or thereby we offend in all,’ is displayed and verified. That this evasion is practised to a very considerable extent, must be well known to all our readers; but the *real* extent becomes only the more apparent as the matter is more thoroughly sifted. Mr. Ashurst observes, that ‘it will astonish the public to ‘learn that *five times* the quantity of letters sent by the post office ‘are sent by other modes; the greatest portion in defiance of the ‘law and to avoid the infliction of the tax.’ We cannot go into the details of the statement by which it is verified; but refer those of our readers who may wish to satisfy themselves on this head, to the able pamphlet of Mr. Ashurst.

Having thus shown, as we think conclusively, the very serious evils which result from the present excessive rate of postage, we are bound to hail any plan which promises to remedy the evil; and such a plan, Mr. Hill’s seems to us to be. He proposes, that all letters not weighing more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce passing from one post town in Great Britain or Ireland to any other post town, shall be charged *one penny*, and heavier packets one penny for each additional $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce to be paid in advance; and that stamped covers shall be supplied from the stamp office, and sold at such a price as to include the postage. This is the main feature of his plan; and we have not room to enter into any details. A uniform rate of one penny for every letter is certainly a boon, which very strong evidence indeed of its impracticability is required to deprive the public of. Mr. Hill’s proposal, is grounded on a statement which has not been successfully controverted, that the *cost of transmission of a chargeable letter from London to Edinburgh* is only the *thirtieth part of a penny!** And, consequently, that all the rest of the postage, after payment of the necessary expenses of the establishment, is *so much tax*. The government, at present, derive a revenue of a million and a half from the post office; and, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was very naturally

* When it is remembered that the ‘Penny and Saturday Magazine,’ are sold in any town of the empire for *one penny*, which includes the cost of transmission with all other charges, and a profit besides, this statement will at once be believed and understood.

indisposed to run the hazard of adopting a plan which requires an increase of six times as many chargeable post letters as are sent at present, to prevent a deficiency in the revenue. But we contend that the evidence adduced completely establishes that there will be no falling off in the revenue. In the first place, the great extent to which evasion prevails, now deprives the revenue of five-sixths of the letters which are sent through the country, and it will require little evidence, we are sure, to convince our readers, that if the opportunity were presented to the *poor* of writing, the increase of letters amongst them would be very great. A strong body of evidence* is adduced to show, that in many ways, commercial men would take advantage of the post for transmitting circulars, &c., as in the instance we have before referred to, from the evidence of Mr. Charles Knight. The increased consumption of paper too would thus indirectly add to the revenue. Experience in various departments of the post office where reduction has been tried, justifies our confident expectations. Thus *ship letters* were reduced in 1835, and the returns from Liverpool and Hull show an increase in four years of more than two hundred and fifty per cent in the number of letters! So the enlargement of the twopenny post has been attended with a great and gradual increase. But we take higher ground, and we contend that the postage is not a *legitimate tax*. The people have a right to the transmission of the letters at as low a cost as the government can afford to convey them. Deep moral interests are at stake. The spread of genuine religion, the diffusion of sound learning, the encouragement of the social sympathies; the indulgence and cherishing of the domestic affections; all demand that immediate attention should be paid to this obstructing, nay, suppressive and vexatious tax. We hail the interest which the public is every day more and more feeling on this subject with great satisfaction. We are glad to find that a body of intelligent and enterprising gentlemen engaged in commerce and science have united themselves into a mercantile committee, for the purpose of advancing Mr. Hill's plan.† We trust that the Committee of the House of Commons, now sitting, will present a favourable report; and, we feel sure, the government will not be deaf to the suggestions of that intelligent Committee, supported by the petitions of the people.

* See Mr. Ashurst's pamphlet.

† The 'Post Circular' is published under the superintendence of these gentlemen.

Brief Notices.

Views in India ; chiefly among the Himalaya Mountains. By LIEUT. GEORGE FRANCIS WHITE, of the 31st. Regiment. Edited by EMMA ROBERTS. London: Fisher and Co.

We owe the best apology in our power to the enterprising publishers of this volume, for having permitted it to remain so long on our table unnoticed. By what fatality it has escaped our eye we cannot divine. However, we will do our best, in a few words, to commend it to our readers. It is beyond all comparison the most splendid volume of last season. The engravings alone were got up at an expense of £2,400, and the gorgeousness and beauty, the mingled sublimity and richness of the scenery they depict, while affording ample scope for the skill of the artist, perfectly enchant the eye. As a production of art, the work needs fear no comparison or rivalry. The literary portion of the volume is in happy keeping with the style of the illustrations, and furnishes some very interesting and valuable information. The Himalaya Mountains are the highest and most gigantic known to exist;—stretching from the Indus on the north-west to the Bramapatra on the south-east, they divide the plains of Hindostan from the wilds of Thibet and Tartary. Little was known of this stupendous range till recently; but the eye of European science is now directed thither, and the foot of the adventurous explorer is on the advance. A volume on such a subject, illustrated in the first style, and edited with a skill worthy of the reputation of Miss Roberts, is a gem of the first order, and as such we commend it to our readers.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales ; including the Scenery of the River Wye. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Forty-eight Engravings by Radclyffe, from Drawings by Cox, Harding, Fielding, Creswick, &c. London: C. Tilt. Birmingham: Wrightson & Webb.

This is one of those volumes which combine all the attractions of an annual, with the better qualities and more permanent interest of a higher class of publications. The softened and richly tinted scenery of South Wales, united with the local traditions and historical associations of the country are depicted by the engraver and the tourist with a felicity which must charm every tasteful mind. The eye gives vividness and reality to the text, while the latter invests the productions of the artist with a depth of interest of which no fancy picture can be possessed. The engravings embrace all the chief points of the scenery of the country, and are executed with skill and effect. The editor has accomplished his task with corresponding success, and the publication proves, in consequence, a highly attractive volume. Wales is rich in the associations of the past. Scarcely can the eye turn in any direction, without meeting some memorial of by-gone years—some ruin which speaks of the chivalry or superstition that once ruled the land. Into these associations, Mr. Roscoe has entered with all commendable zeal; and his readers will find he has furnished them an entertaining and rich repast.

The Christian Fathers of the First and Second Centuries; their Principal Remains at Large: with Selections from their other Writings. Partly in Original, and partly in Approved Translations. By the Rev. E. Bickersteth. (Christian's Family Library.) London: Seeley and Burnside. 1838.

We are no idolaters of the Fathers, yet we are glad to perceive an increasing disposition to study and impartially estimate their writings. Their rejection as guides having been followed by entire neglect, the grossest ignorance respecting them prevails. One good result of the controversies elicited by the Oxford Tracts, will be a closer examination of those relics of antiquity from which we anticipate many benefits. The volume before us, containing the most valuable productions of the first two centuries, has evidently originated in this source, and is introduced by some judicious and well-timed prefatory remarks of the Editor. We wish it may obtain an extensive circulation.

Sketches in London. By the author of 'Random Recollections,' the 'Great Metropolis,' &c. Nos. 1—7. London: W. S. Orr, and Co.

The indefatigable author of the 'Great Metropolis,' is again catering for the amusement and information of the public. His present work is issued in monthly numbers, of which seven are now before us, and we shall be surprised if it do not prove one of the most popular productions of his pen. Each number contains two humorous illustrations, and the whole are put out of hand in a creditable and handsome style. A large mass of very curious and interesting information, collected by the diligence of the author, is served up for the entertainment of his readers, and the various emotions of pity and anger, indignation and sympathy are alternately excited. The following list of the topics embraced in his work will sufficiently disclose its character: Begging impostors, debtors—prisons, the Queen's Bench, the lumber troop, the Victoria parliament, penny theatres, the police offices, and the workhouses.

Scandinavia, Ancient and Modern; being a History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway: comprising a Description of these Countries; an Account of the Mythology, Government, Laws, &c. &c. With Illustrations of their Natural History. By Andrew Crichton, LL.D., and Henry Wheaton, LL.D. With a Map and Twelve Engravings by Jackson. Two volumes. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1838.

These volumes belong to the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, and will well sustain the reputation of that work. Their design is to furnish a succinct history of the Scandinavian kingdoms, and in this they are happily successful. Patient and extensive investigation, combined with the advantages of a personal residence at Copenhagen for some years, have rendered the work a sterling addition to our historical literature. If the state of our pages permitted, we should gladly enter at some length into an examination of these volumes, but must reluctantly content ourselves with this brief expression of our favourable judgment.

The Preacher's Manual; Lectures on Preaching; furnishing Rules and Examples for every kind of Pulpit Address. By S. T. Sturtevant. 3rd Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. 8vo. London: Ward and Co. 1838.

A new and improved edition of a judicious and useful work, the extensive circulation of which proves the need that existed for it. The art of sermonizing cannot be too thoroughly studied by the preacher, but great care is necessary lest an attention to rules should be made to supersede the vigorous and independent action of the intellect. Let the machinery be carried to as great a perfection as possible, but let not the living agent by whom the machinery is to be worked, be encouraged in slothfulness or dishonesty.

A History of British Birds. By William Yarrell, F.L.S., V.P.Z.S. Illustrated by a Wood-cut of each Species, and numerous Vignettes. No. VI. London: John Voorst. 1838.

This beautiful work has reached the sixth number, and fully sustains its early reputation. We only wait for the completion of the volume to attempt to do something like justice to its merits. The British public, and every lover of Natural History especially, are greatly indebted to Mr. Yarrell and his able coadjutor, Professor Bell.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq. A new edition abridged (Christian's Family Library). London: Seeley and Burnside. 1838.

An abridged edition of a life already well known to the public. With all her prejudices and sectarianism—for sectarian she was to a lamentable degree—Hannah More was an extraordinary woman. We regret her foibles, forgive her antipathies, and commend her virtues to the imitation of her sex. The present neat edition of her life will prove an acceptable present to a large class of readers.

Temper. A Treatise on its use and abuse. Setting forth Temper as we find it; Temper as it should be; and how to Improve the Temper. By a Staffordshire Curate. London: Seeley & Burnside, 1837.

This volume will be a faithful assistant in the work of self-examination. It presents illustrations of the varied forms in which bad temper appears, and points out the circumstances in which it frequently unveils its deformity. The treatise is divided into three parts, viz. 'Temper as we find it; Temper as it should be; and how to Improve the Temper.' In the first part, the reverend author displays a very extensive acquaintance with human nature. As a member of society he has keenly observed character in all the relations of life; and as a Christian, he has closely studied the workings of the human heart. In the second part, the standard of what temper should be is presented in the example of Christ, and in the amiable and lovely dispositions of some of his disciples. In the last part, which is divided into fourteen chapters, the directions to improve the temper contain some of the best maxims which experience can teach, or the word of God supply.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. VIII., containing the Curse of Kehama.

Memoir of the Rev. W. Steadman, D.D. By his Son, Thomas Steadman.

Further Considerations for the Ministers of Scotland ; occasioned by the Rev. Mr. Menzies' Apology for Dr. Tholuck's Perversions of the Word of God, and his Attack on some of the most important Scriptural doctrines. By Robert Haldane, Esq.

Woman's Wit ; or, Love's Disguises. A Play, in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles.

Italy : a Poem, in Six Parts, with Historical and Classical Notes. By John Edmund Reade.

Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. William Harness, A.M. Second Edition.

The Revelation of St. John Explained. By Henry William Lovett. Second Edition, corrected, with additions.

A History of Greece. By the Rev. Connop Thirlwall. Vol. V. (Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. CIII.)

Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons. By the Author of "The Great Metropolis," &c. Second Series. Two volumes.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Most carefully collated with the Edition containing the Author's last Additions and Corrections. With a Life of the Author by Josiah Conder. Twenty-five Engravings.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Remarks on his Life and Writings, by Thomas Campbell. Royal 8vo.

The Seraphim, and other Poems. By Elizabeth B. Barrett.

The Man About Town. By Cornelius Webbe. 2 vols.

The Natural History of the Silk-Worm ; with the most approved Methods of Rearing Silk, and Cultivating the Mulberry. Applied to our Colonies and Islands. By John Murray, F.A.S., F.L.S., &c. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 67.

Considerations on the Vital Principle ; with a description of Mr. Crosse's Experiments. By John Murray, F.S.A., &c. Second Edition, pp. 39.

In the Press.

Mr. Roscoe, the well-known Author of "The Landscape Annual," and other Illustrated Works, is at this time engaged on the subject of "Windsor Castle and its Environs." The work will be richly embellished with highly-finished Engravings on Steel, consisting of Architectural Views, Landscape, and Historical Subjects.

Preparing for publication, in royal 4to., "Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa ;" consisting chiefly of figures and descriptions of the objects of Natural History, collected during an Expedition into the Interior of South Africa, in 1834, 1835, and 1836. By Dr. Andrew Smith, Director of the Expedition. This Work will be published in Parts, under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

Dr. Andrew Smith's "Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Southern Africa," comprising an Authentic Narrative of the Travels and Discoveries of the Expedition under his direction. In 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated by a Map, and numerous Plates of African Scenery ; and of the dresses, weapons, dances, ceremonies, &c., of the natives.

The Rev. Charles Gutzlaff (now and for many years a resident in China) has in the press, in 2 vols. post 8vo., a work, under the Title of "China Opened," or a display of the Topography, History, Customs, Manners, Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Literature, Religion, &c., of the Chinese.

A Journal of a Voyage to Japan, in the Year 1837, will be published in a thin foolscap 8vo. volume.